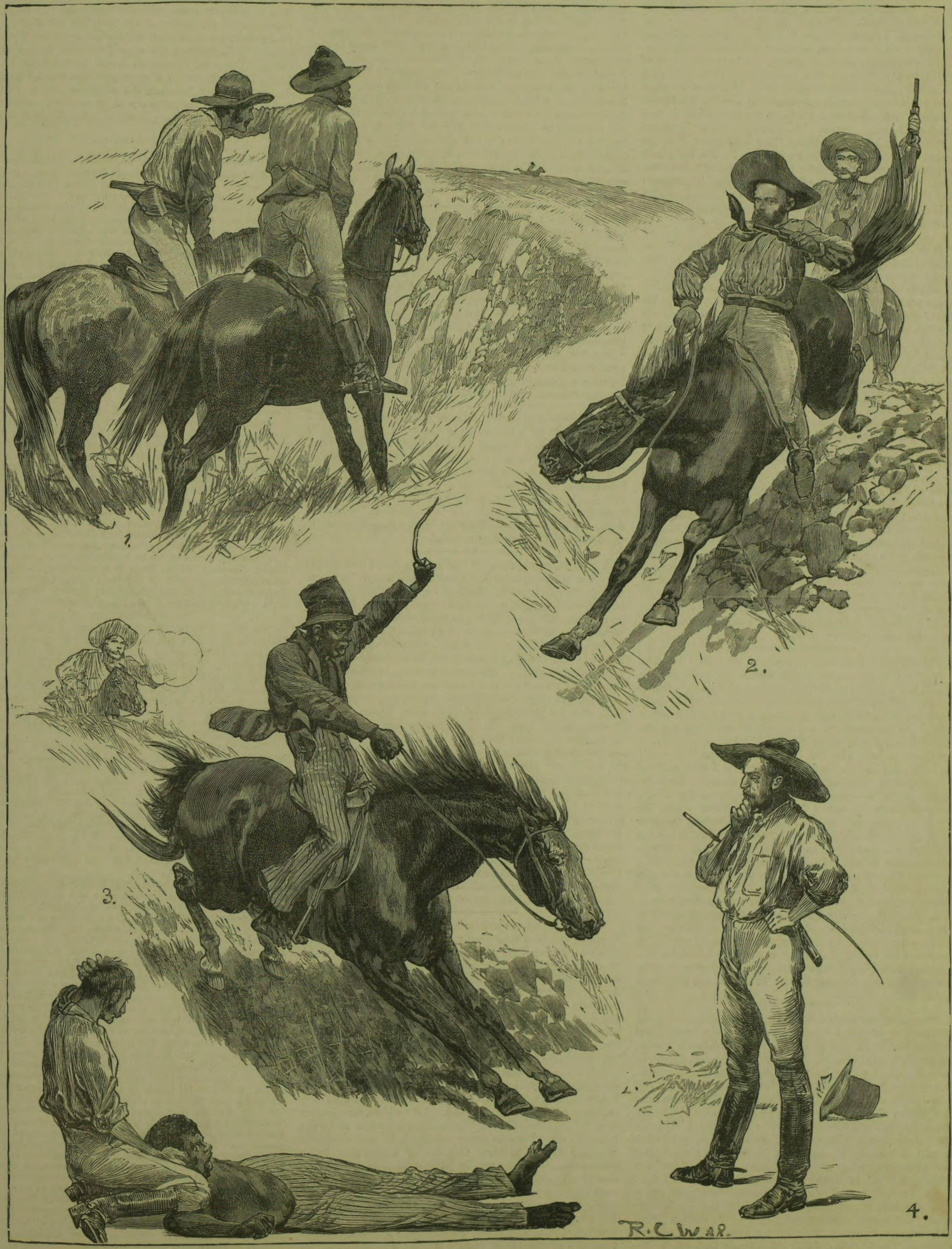
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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1. The View Holloa, "There he goes away!" 2. In Full Chase—Breakneck Ground. 3. Closing on the Fugitive. 4. "Where has he put the diamonds?"

CHASING AND CAPTURING A DIAMOND THIEF AT THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND-FIELDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Any larcenous rascal possessed of a pot of paste and a pair of scissors," complains Mr. Wilkie Collins, "can steal my novel and put it on the stage." And, what is worse than his being able to do it, he does it. It is true, if a novelist chooses to dramatise his novel and enter it at Stationers' Hall, before he publishes it, he can secure his property; but why should he be put to this trouble? It is not necessary, though it may be prudent, to enter the number of every five-pound note one has in one's pocket, to make sure that no one else shall claim it. Why, asks common-sense, don't these ingenious playwrights write plays of their own? Because, answers common honesty, they find it easier to steal them. If common-sense goes on to ask why they are permitted to do so, it will "pause," for a considerable time, I think, "for a reply." In many cases these gentlemen will apply to the novelist to cut the birch for his own whipping. "I am about to dramatise your novel, and I want your authorisation for my playbill—not as a legal necessity, of course; but because I am an extremely courteous person." The novelist (always willing to please) expresses a modest wish to see the play before his name is thus attached to it. I have seen a good many plays founded on my own immortal works which I wish I could forget. Mutilated ghosts of my own offspring, they haunt my feverish dreams. There was one dramatic version of "By Proxy" which rendered that respectable romance absolutely unrecognisable by its author. In the last scene, the gentleman so long supposed to be deceased expires on the stage. "I die," he said (stage direction: "raises himself painfully on elbow"), "and *this time* not by proxy." The dramatist plumed himself very much on this dying speech, and thought it a fine climax for the curtain.

It is not, however, on the stage alone that people now prefer to live by other folks' wits instead of their own; the custom is growing universal. The most successful periodicals are said to be those which never print an original article, but subsist wholly on extracts. With the law of copyright at his fingers' ends, the editor snips away with his scissors at every book the day on which its legal protection ceases—the instant the breath is out of the poor thing's body; or he will even "select" from living authors—because he admires them so, and wishes to elevate his fellow-creatures—quotations long enough in all conscience, but not so long, he calculates, as to arouse in the judicial mind a suspicion of "gutting" the work. Then there are heaps of amateurs who feel themselves called upon to collect the best pieces out of everybody's poems, and publish them as "selections" edited by themselves. The virtuous indignation which these people exhibit against those publishers who decline to give them permission to "convey" these extracts is most charming. "Gracious heavens!" they exclaim, "would you stand in the way of the popularity of your own author which *my* book will confer upon him?" I really believe that some of them at last convince themselves that it *is* their book, and look upon it as an original production. The same idea of making a living out of somebody else's work crops up in the titles of new newspapers. Their proprietors are always trying how near they can approximate, with impunity, to the names of the old ones. Even the old ones (I have heard it said) sometimes furnish public men with "interrogatories," to be answered definitely and at large, which fill their columns with excellent "copy," no doubt, but scarcely their own copy.

Though nothing succeeds like success, there are drawbacks to it. Even an ovation—a thing I should dearly like to have myself, but I don't see the least prospect of it—has, it seems, its inconveniences. The enthusiasm at a provincial opera-house the other night was so excessive that nothing would satisfy the occupants of the gallery short of taking the prima donna's horses out of her carriage and dragging it to her hotel. A man who had distinguished himself in many ways once told me that there was nothing in life so exciting or gratifying to one's self's esteem as the tumult of applause which greets a successful dramatist upon the stage. I can see him now—though I hope he can't see *me*—with his hair flying in all directions, and his knees knocking together before the footlights, in answer to "a call," which he was not quite sure, as he confessed to me afterwards, was of a favourable character or not. His reception was really rapturous; but even he was never drawn home by an audience in his carriage—for he had none. If one wasn't in a hurry for one's supper, I can fancy nothing nicer than this mode of conveyance. Only, in the case of the prima donna, the hand-bag which contained the diamonds she had worn at the play, and which were known to be very valuable, was, unhappily, abstracted en route. I have no doubt the enthusiasm was genuine; but, nevertheless, there *is* an alternative. It is possible that those diamonds were at the bottom of it from first to last.

There has been much correspondence of late respecting the deterioration of social manners, yet, strangely enough, the greatest blot of all, the practice of arriving late for dinner, has hardly been alluded to. There is nothing that illustrates the snobbism of society more than the impunity that attends this offence: for it is almost always Crœsus who commits it, and it is forgiven him because he *is* Crœsus. If the host owes him money, of course the reason why he waits for him to the inconvenience of all his other guests is intelligible; but every host can't owe him money. If he could only hear what is said of him by the males, as he enters the room with his shameless wife, half an hour behind time, but without a word of apology between them, I really don't think he would dare do it. Lesser lights who arrive a little earlier, but still very late, do murmur some platitude about "the distances being really so great in London"; yet they manage to get in time for the trains at the railway stations. The defenders of this rudeness say that coming too late is better (for *them*) than coming too early and having to drive twice round the square—a significant illustration, indeed, of the sort of friendship that must exist between them and the dinner-givers. Surely the time of even the most fashionable hostess is not so very valuable but that she might be in her own drawing-room five minutes before her dinner hour to receive her guests?

Men are not so prone to put up with this slight as women; yet I have known a Benchers' dinner at an Inn of Court kept waiting for three quarters of an hour for a one-horse Prince. To do them justice, the real Royalties are never guilty of this misdemeanour; and I should like to see Crœsus or the people who "find the distances so great in London," being late for *them!* Even at clubs—where people, as a rule, are not allowed to give themselves airs—this practice of coming late for dinner is very prevalent. Where hosts are weak enough to wait, of course the dinner suffers. One of the best club cooks in London used to be so well aware of this fact as always to delay "dishing up" for half an hour. When remonstrated with for this, he would reply, in his broken English, "It is better that gentlemens should wait for my dinner than my dinner should wait for the gentlemens." He respected himself and his art; but, unhappily, nobody and nothing else. Once he knocked down a kitchenmaid with the rolling-pin; of course the club could not afford to lose him for a trifle of that kind. But presently he threatened to kill the secretary; even then he had his defenders: one old gourmand on the committee hinted that secretaries were more easy to procure than cooks; another said, "And if he *had* killed him, I 'll answer for it he would have made a very good *ragoût* of him." But, nevertheless, that good cook had to go.

One smaller breach of good manners, now almost extinct, was the habit some men had of bringing their crush-hats in to dinner with them. A great poet, a great artist, and a literary lord were, I remember, among these offenders. The poet always sat on his hat; the artist set it carefully under the table, and put his feet in it; the lord, with apparent recklessness of what became of it, that well became his rank, threw it into the first corner: but there was always a row when he went away and it couldn't be found. I suspect the origin of the practice was the bringing crush-hats in summer-time to "routs"—a fine old name and very appropriate—so that the owners could slip away when they liked, without scrimmaging for their property in the hall; but to bring them in to dinner is surely a custom worthy of Colney Hatch.

The ravens and hooded crows of the Shetland Isles are, I read, prevented from incubating by the device of boiling their eggs, on which they continue to sit with pitiful perseverance. Perhaps something of this kind happens, without our knowing it, to some of our own offspring—who, indeed, are secretly described as "half baked." Otherwise, when such great pains are taken with them, they could not surely so resolutely decline to come to anything. Whether we "sit upon them," or indulge them, it's all the same. They are often "roasted"—and no wonder!—and I believe they 're boiled.

The *Times'* correspondent, "G.," reminds one of that hero of old whose valour was such that he didn't care much if he fought with the French, or the Spaniards, or Dutch; for war so exciting he took such delight in, he didn't care *whom* he fought so he *was* fighting. Scarcely has he finished his set-to with the doctors than he squares up to the Cardinal, and delivers his facers as freshly as ever. It is not always that one can get a Prince of the Church to tackle, and he evidently enjoys the experience immensely. The good churchman has been driven, like the Baillie in "Rob Roy" with his red-hot coulter, to use very queer weapons—for argument, like poverty, acquaints us with strange bed-fellows—and has even thrown Mill and Fawcett in the teeth of his audacious opponent. "G.'s" most swashing blow has been directed against his Eminence's dogma that a starving man has a natural right to food; and raises the cry of "Stop thief!" If the "Cardinal," instead of quoting from the political economists, had done so from the Proverbs, "Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry," he would have found firmer footing: but perhaps he thought it wrong to quote the Bible in English, or else that a text from the Scriptures would be utterly thrown away on "G." No one can deny, however, that if the Law is on "G.'s" side, the Gospel is on the Cardinal's, and also common-sense. His Eminence is probably much better acquainted with fasting than "G.," and has some approximate notion of what real hunger is.

One of the best and best-known clergymen of the Church of England, who from benevolent motives once followed the wars, tells me that one of the strangest experiences of warfare is the sensation of going into an inn from which the inmates have fled, and taking eatables without paying for them. He would have paid, if he could, of course; but it was absolutely necessary to eat, so he ate without paying. This is exactly the case of the starving man. What *he* ought to do, I suppose, according to "G.," is to find out the relieving officer (which may take hours) and procure from him an order for the workhouse (two miles off)—whereas the Cardinal recommends the nearest baker. So far as my sleeping arrangements were concerned, it is possible that I might take "G.'s" advice; but, in the meantime, as his Eminence suggests, I should most certainly procure a loaf. The baker, let us hope, would never miss it; but bread, as I should explain to him if he did (though not upon an empty stomach), it was absolutely necessary for me to have. The case, of course, must be an extreme one; I should not be justified in taking more than enough to support life; and I need not say, no luxuries such as a bath bun, or a jam tartlet. But to say I am actually to starve rather than break the law is rubbish. If "G.'s" house caught fire, I suppose he would not hesitate to escape by his neighbour's roof because it would be committing a trespass. I can imagine "G." making very pretty hay of the Sabbatarians, yet what he would teach us is that the Law is not made for Man but Man for the Law.

A very remarkable case of alleged murder has been lately tried, on appeal, in India. The gist of the whole matter was the shape of the wound in the body of the deceased, which wound, being triangular, it was argued could not have been inflicted by the spear of the accused, which was rounded and without angles. Years ago, in Scotland, there occurred an incident that curiously resembles this. Two drovers were sleeping in the same room and one of them was found, in the morning, dead. There was no mark of violence about him except a small incision at the back of the head, which was supposed to have been caused by a nail in the uncarpeted floor. The survivor admitted that there had been a scuffle, and that his adversary had fallen backwards and never spoken again. No weapon of any kind was found in the room, or, it was proved, had been in the possession of either of them. No less than nine surgeons examined the body; eight of them were satisfied with the theory of the nail, but the ninth, a very young man, protested that the wound could not have been inflicted by such means, but must have been caused by some sharp and pointed instrument driven by the hand into the head. He was overruled of course, and the accused acquitted. On his death-bed, however, the murderer confessed that he had accomplished his purpose with *the snuffers*. One is glad to add that the discovery made the fortune of the astute young surgeon.

CHASING A DIAMOND THIEF.

The Kimberley Diamond Mines of the Cape Colony, including also those of Du Toit's Pan, Old De Beers, and Bultfontein, extend over an area of six square miles in a barren and dreary country, formerly called West Griqualand, where at least thirty thousand people have been collected since 1870, and costly machinery, with vast excavations and artificial waterworks, is applied to the getting of precious stones, to the value of millions sterling year after year. Men of various nations and classes are constantly engaged in this work, and large numbers of Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, Basutos, and other natives of South Africa find profitable employment as labourers; but their propensity to steal, or at least to smuggle, by taking diamonds without a licence, gives the authorities frequent trouble. Sometimes, when a dark-skinned "runner" has unlawfully appropriated a lot of diamonds, he mounts a horse and rides away towards the frontier of the Orange Free State, where he would be safe from pursuit. In the amusing Sketches that appear on our front page, two Kimberley detective mounted police are represented giving chase to such a fugitive over hill and plain, and following him in a breakneck plunge down a rocky ravine, till they close with him, seize him, and pull him down, after which he is conveyed to the jail. It is very likely that, on searching his clothes, not a single diamond can be discovered, for he will have swallowed all when he felt himself in danger of capture. The police and prison authorities, perhaps with the aid of a medical officer, then begin to "prospect," as the miners say, for the extraction of diamonds from his body. Copious doses of emetics, and it may be of other drugs, are forcibly administered to the culprit. In one case, we are told, a man so treated was made to yield two diamonds on the first day, nine on the second, and twenty-four the third day; but he took a pride in assuring the superintendent that "there 's lots more, Baas!" evidently rejoicing in the number he had swallowed. The Sketches were sent to us by Mr. Francis B. Ross, Robben Island, Capetown, where there is a convict prison for native criminals from all parts of the Cape Colony; and we suppose that a malefactor of this class would be sent there, after his legal trial, to undergo a term of penal servitude.

The King of Italy, himself the patron of the forthcoming Italian Exhibition in London, has permitted the Crown Prince of Italy (the Prince of Naples) to accept the honorary presidency of the exhibition. Over 1200 exhibitors in Italy have already applied for space.

Oxford Hall, Victoria Park-square, Bethnal-green, was opened on Feb. 18 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in presence of a large company. The new hall, which is attached to Oxford House, has been erected at a cost of £1100, and will accommodate 900 persons.

The annual prize distribution of the Queen's Westminster Rifles took place on Feb. 18 at the hall in James-street, in the presence of a crowded company. The Duchess of Bedford distributed the prizes; and Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., the commanding officer of the regiment, presided.—The annual regimental dinner of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) was held the same day at the Freemasons' Tavern—General Sir Daniel Lysons (Honorary Colonel of the Battalion) presided.—Countess Cadogan made the annual distribution of prizes to the officers and men of the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers on Feb. 20 in the Chelsea Townhall.

We learn from the *Surrey Mirror* that, through the kindness of Mrs. C. L. Pirkis, there was a gathering recently of many of the leading inhabitants of Nutfield, Surrey, in the drawing-room at The High Elms, to hear a Shakspearean reading by Mrs. Dallas-Glyn, whom old playgoers so well remember. Mrs. Dallas-Glyn chose "Hamlet"; selecting the more striking portions of the play—such, for example, as the ghost scene, the play scene, the soliloquy, the graveyard scene, the parting of Polonius and Laertes, and Ophelia in her madness. Mrs. Dallas-Glyn rendered these scenes with rare power, completely carrying her audience with her; and at the close of a delightful "reading" she received the warm and general congratulations of her auditory. A class of elocution was subsequently formed, and promises to be highly successful.

On Feb. 18 the 110th annual general court of the directors and members of the Highland Society of London—of which the Prince of Wales, in respect of his ancient Scottish title of Duke of Rothesay, is chief—was held in the board-room of the Royal Scottish Hospital, Crane-court, Fleet-street—The Chisholm (one of the vice-presidents) in the chair. The chief business was the election of office-bearers of the society for the ensuing year. The Prince of Wales was again unanimously elected chief, and the Duke of Connaught one of the vice-presidents. It was announced that the usual monetary grants to Highland students had been made, including a bursary of the annual value of £50, tenable for four years, at any of the universities of Aberdeen, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, or Glasgow. Six bursaries had also been instituted of the value of £25 per annum, for the same class of students. The secretary (Mr. F. Matheson) stated that the anniversary festival would be celebrated on March 21 in commemoration of the battle of Alexandria and the memorable victory achieved over the French in 1801 by Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The serene atmosphere of the House of Lords remains unruffled by the oratorical tempests of the Lower House. Take, for example, the sitting of the Sixteenth of February. Brown-bearded Prince Oscar of Sweden (whose love-match with Miss Ebba Munck makes this gallant sailor Prince quite the hero of the season with the ladies) looked down from the Ambassadors' balcony on the placidest of scenes, but nevertheless seemed much interested as the leading actors of the Parliamentary comedy were pointed out to him. Silently sitting with sphinx-like patience in his full-bottomed wig on the woolsack, the little Lord Chancellor somehow reminded one more than ever of an ancient Assyrian figure on a Nineveh bas-relief in the British Museum. Convulsed with silent Homeric laughter, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cranbrook, and Lord Cross formed a merry trio on the Ministerial bench, as, their faces wreathed in the broadest of smiles, they observed lithe young Earl Cairns at the table taking the oath of allegiance, whilst comely and piquante Lady Cairns looked on from the gallery to the left of the Throne. Earl Granville, as the bland humourist who leads the Opposition with unfailing urbanity, meanwhile held grave converse with active Lord Herschell; what time the Earl of Rosebery, whose shadow doesn't grow less, flitted about as if he were not too well pleased at Lord Dunraven's attempt to forestall him with a motion for the reform of the Upper House. On a subsequent afternoon, Earl Beauchamp made a vain effort to persuade their Lordships to meet at a later hour than a quarter past four, finding no encouragement either from the Prime Minister or from Lord Granville, who avowed himself Conservative on this point. Needless to dwell upon the questions of little import noble Lords have since perfunctorily taken up.

Prince Oscar and suite arrived in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery of the Commons from the House of Lords at an opportune time to contrast the aristocratic calm of the hushed Chamber with the democratic boisterousness that sometimes bursts forth in the Lower House. Every seat was occupied. A ringing cheer rose from the Irish Home Rule members as Mr. William O'Brien, looking all the better for his brief sojourn in the south of France, made his way along the second bench below the gangway on the Opposition side, and took his stand just behind bent Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Henry Labouchere, while Mr. Gladstone craned forward, and turned to look at the recently liberated Editor of the *United Ireland* newspaper. Mr. O'Brien was equal to the occasion. If he spoke too often with bated breath, as though suppressing emotion, his voice rang out clearly and powerfully enough when he wellnigh shouted his direct challenges to Mr. Balfour. The gist of Mr. O'Brien's protracted argument was that he was cast into prison simply for advocating the application of the spirit of the law to restrain evictions at the transition period prior to the actual passing of last year's Irish Land Act; that the so-called "Coercion Act" had been generally inoperative against both the "Plan of Campaign" and the National League in Ireland (a declaration Mr. Dillon and his colleagues indorsed with a chorus of "Hear, hear"); and that the severity of Mr. Balfour's administration would but hasten the coming of the boon of Home Rule, for which Ireland would be ever grateful to the right hon. member for Midlothian (who was throughout the most attentive listener to this remarkably able, if too prolonged, address of Mr. O'Brien).

As the chief Liberal Home Rule speakers last week evidently had one eye on the Speaker, but the other on the ballot-box in view of the elections then pending, it would on every ground have been advisable for Mr. Balfour to have replied immediately, and with force, to the strong indictment of Mr. William O'Brien. But the Secretary for Ireland unaccountably let the golden opportunity slip. He permitted dryasdust Mr. Finlay to rise instead, and to defend the Irish policy of the Government by a repetition of Liberal Unionist platitudes. The Attorney-General soon followed from the Treasury bench, and repudiated with vivacity Mr. Parnell's statement that Lord Carnarvon was in 1885, whilst Viceroy, the mouthpiece of an agreement with the Home Rule leader; but it may be pointed out that Sir Richard Webster has not been a member long enough to be personally aware of the cordial relations which formerly existed between the left wing of the Conservative Party—particularly the section yclept the "Fourth"—and the Parnellites, whatever the understanding come to between the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell may have been. Be that as it may, Mr. John Morley has made himself so thoroughly master of the Irish Problem that he had no difficulty in delivering a telling reply to the Attorney-General.

Mr. Balfour, on the succeeding evening, February the Seventeenth, with characteristic sangfroid, resolutely defended the administration of the Crimes Act in Ireland, and adopted the *tu quoque* argument with regard to Mr. William O'Brien, quoting, amid approving Ministerial cheers, the virulent and disgraceful epithets applied by the hon. member's paper to Mr. Gladstone, Earl Spencer, and others, when they were not hand-in-glove with the Parnellites. In fine, plenty of *fortiter in re*, but hardly sufficient *suaviter in modo*, Mr. Balfour. Had Sir Michael Hicks Beach, now, been Irish Secretary, a far discreeter speech for the juncture would have been forthcoming. Bear in mind, it was on the eve of the important test election in West Edinburgh. The "old Parliamentary hand" was quick to make dextrous use of the occasion. Mr. Gladstone's marvellously eloquent and vigorous two-hours' speech, cogent if not consistent, delivered with the full volume of his old silvery eloquence, and pointed with infinite variety of energetic action, was spirit-stirring in the extreme, and naturally roused the enthusiastic cheers of the excited Home Rulers, whose cause he once again pleaded with a sustained power none of them could rival. The harangue was magnificent, but did not facilitate the business of the House. The life was taken out of Mr. Goschen's rejoinder by the round of cheers that greeted the news of Mr. Causton's return for Mr. Cohen's seat by a large majority. A prolonged, unctuous chuckle of a speech from Sir William Harcourt, and then the division—88 majority against Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address.

The debate on the Address was further prolonged. On Monday, the subjects of agricultural distress and railway rates were considered by Lord John Manners at the instigation of Mr. Chaplin; and Mr. Samuel Smith's plaint as to Indian deficits elicited a neat response from Sir John Gorst. On Tuesday Dr. Cameron gallantly but fruitlessly pleaded for further concessions to the impoverished Scottish crofters; the Lord Advocate explaining that the Government were doing all that possibly could be done for them. Mr. Labouchere's motion in reference to an alleged undertaking of the Government to support Italy and Austria under certain conditions, as well as Mr. Shaw Lefevre's amendment, had to be disposed of before the long-delayed Address could be agreed to by the Commons.

A demonstrative welcome was given to Mr. Firth and Mr. R. K. Causton, the Liberal Home Rule members returned by Dundee and West Southwark, upon their re-entrance on Monday, the Twentieth of February, Mr. Firth bearing himself with a swelling mien that caused him to be dubbed the "Firth of Forth"; and the next day Mr. Buchanan, whose change from a Liberal Unionist to a Liberal Home Ruler had been approved by a majority of forty-six at the West Edinburgh election, was cordially greeted on taking his seat.

The Government are to be congratulated on having secured the return of Sir Michael Hicks Beach to the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade; Lord Stanley of Preston vacating the office to succeed to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Lord Holland takes the title of Lord Knutsford on being created a Peer, retaining the Colonial Secretaryship; Baron Henry De Worms being the new Under-Secretary for the Colonies in place of Lord Onslow, who becomes Secretary to the Board of Trade. Lord Randolph Churchill, who has secured the appointment of his Royal Commission to inquire into the administration of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has not yet rejoined the Ministry.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is, happily, a strong revival in the trade for pretty comediettas and small plays containing light humour, poetry, and fancy. Several excellent specimens have been produced lately—notably, "Darby and Joan," at Terry's Theatre; "Sunset," by Jerome K. Jerome, at the Comedy; and "The Red Rag," by Justin M'Carthy, at Toole's Theatre. The first deals with the boy and girl life of an old couple who selfishly desire to prevent in age exactly what they enjoyed so much years ago in youth; the second illustrates the devotion of two sisters and the merit of unselfishness; and the third describes the life-long agony of an old lady who has sacrificed all the pleasure of her life owing to the love she once bore to a gallant young officer, whom she has mourned as dead, but who lives to show once more the selfishness of men. Mr. M'Carthy's little play is derived from a short story written by Georges Ohnet; but all the others are original. Such plays as these have been forced out of managers by those who occupy the unreserved seats, for playgoers are sick and tired of sitting out rubbishy farces indifferently played by nobodies. These comediettas are, no doubt, a vast improvement on the farces that have been played to death times out of number; but, for all that, they want better acting, if they are to succeed with the public. In France, artists of the first class are not ashamed to play in opening pieces, and authors of the first consequence are always ready to write for them; but unless English artists cease to consider it "infra dig." to "play the people in," we shall never see justice done to these fanciful plays that intermingle sentiment with humour.

Mr. E. V. Seebohm's defence in the matter of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the clever book by Mrs. Burnett, that he has seized upon and dramatised, against the express desire of the authoress, is one of the most curious instances of a mistaken view on a point of literary morality that has surely ever been advocated by honourable gentleman. Mrs. Burnett, the authoress of the charming story, says, in effect, this:—"I have invented 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'—it is the product of my own brain. The book has been an enormous success; it has the elements of a drama in it. I want very much to dramatise it myself, and in my own way. The law allows anyone to steal it and mangle it; but I am sure that every gentleman will show a woman this courtesy now that she has expressed herself so strongly." To which Mr. E. V. Seebohm replies:—"I stand on my legal rights. I did not write 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' nor had I any hand in the invention of the plot or the arrangement of the story. My drama has nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Burnett's story, though I have coolly appropriated her title, and prevented her from ever using it again to distinguish her own drama. I have altered Mrs. Burnett's story. I have added to it; I have elaborated it. I have done this, that, and the other. Mrs. Burnett has really no ground for complaint; for, though I have taken the basis of her story without her leave and adopted her title without her consent, still, if my play succeeds, I intend to give the authoress a fair share of the profits; so what cause has she to grumble? The story, to all intents and purposes, is ruined—so far as Mrs. Burnett's stage rights are concerned. Her own drama—which may be admirable, whilst mine may be rubbish—is not worth the paper on which it is written. Still, do I not allow Mrs. Burnett to share in my work, though the law does not compel me to give her one farthing?"

This being the state of things, let us now tell Mr. E. V. Seebohm what he ought to have done, as he is apparently somewhat ignorant on that point. He should have written to Mrs. Burnett, and said this:—"Madam, it strikes me that your 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' would make an admirable play. I have ideas about it. Will you let me show them to you? Will you work together with me? May I have the advantage of your name and influence? What shall we do?" On Mrs. Burnett's replying that she had herself dramatised her own book, Mr. E. V. Seebohm should have taken off his hat and retired gracefully from the field. That is precisely what Mr. Seebohm ought to have done. But he didn't.

An energetic movement is being made by many who are very distinguished in literature and art to recommend most strongly to the earnest attention of the Government the claims of a very popular lady and once brilliant actress to one of the pensions that are annually provided out of the Civil List. Old playgoers will not need to be reminded of the useful, intellectual, and unblemished career of Miss Isabel Glyn (Mrs. Dallas), who for exactly forty years has been upholding the credit and good name of the higher drama as Shakspearean actress, Shakspearean reader, elocutionist, and instructress for the nobler stage. It was in the year 1848 that Miss Glyn, then the pupil of Charles Kemble, appeared at the Olympic Theatre in the character of Lady Macbeth, and since that time there have been few Shakspearean actresses of the first class who have played so many varied characters, or done such justice to them all. The career of Samuel Phelps at Sadlers' Wells was largely benefited by the splendid assistance of Miss Glyn, who has from time to time appeared as the greatest of Shakspearean heroines—notably, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Juliet, Rosalind, Beatrice, Lady Constance, Queen Katharine, Isabella, Hermione, Margaret of Anjou, and Katharine in the "Taming of the Shrew." She has also appeared in the "Duchess of Malfi;" in several of the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists; and as Bianca in Dean Milman's "Fazio." But Miss Glyn's successful and useful career did not end with her retirement from the stage. She became known far and wide, in England and America, as a brilliant reader of Shakspeare's plays—an intellectual treat dearly prized by such as have a conscientious objection to the theatre, but entertain a veneration for the poet of all time—and her influence and talent have of late years been bestowed on the candidates for future fame on the stage that this gifted lady once adorned. A life so useful and a career so blameless might well be rewarded with the prize of a peaceful pension after so much arduous toil, and we may be sure that the highest lady in the land—once so devoted to the drama—will bestow her influence and support on one who has been identified with the noblest and the best of the women of Shakspeare!

The latest "sensation" at the Standard is a real locomotive. The Brothers Douglass have tried real carriages and horses, real holiday vans, real cabs and omnibuses, real water and real boats, and now they write a play up to the enterprising engine! People now-a-days see so little of railways; the tram and the rail are such unfamiliar objects in their daily life, the shriek and whistle so seldom in their ears, that the reaction of a railway train must be the very thing to soothe their shattered nerves. But they have some complaint to urge against Mr. Douglass. The locomotive does not cross the stage; it is almost a stationary engine, and is, on the whole, not much more active than the post-office horses and post-office men who drive on to the stage in their bravery of scarlet, and make an imposing picture to illustrate St. Martin's-le-Grand when the night mails are going out. However, to make up for the quiet display of incidents of modern life we have a terrific scene of outrage as displayed in the four compartments of a London lunatic asylum. Here, we may presume, realism ends and imagination begins; for we see at one glance two coiners at work, an innocent sailor being drugged by a comic scoundrel, a sister-of-charity thrashing a hospital nurse, and a chained lunatic endeavouring to tear an innocent girl limb from limb, as both writhe and struggle on straw. Most uncomplimentary remarks from the Standard gallery are hurled at the head of the woman with the whip, who might contribute an extra chapter to Mr. Camden Hotten's celebrated work on "Flagellation" as practised in ancient and modern times. The new drama is, at any rate, as exciting as it is well illustrated; and it has the advantage of the services of both Miss Amy Steinberg and Miss Stella Brereton—one distinguished for her comedy, the other for her pathos.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.

The opening for traffic of the first section of this railway, a length of fifty-two miles, from the Portuguese seaport of Delagoa Bay, on the east coast of South Africa, to within six miles of the frontier of the Transvaal Republic, and to a hundred and thirty miles from the Barberton and De Kaap gold-fields, is an important event. The Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, first sailed round the Cape and discovered the Mozambique coast in 1497; and, in 1508, the Portuguese took possession of Delagoa Bay, Inhambane, Sofala, the mouth of the Zambesi and the banks of that river up to Tette and Quillimane, with the adjacent country to the north. They built the fort and commercial factory of Lorenzo Marquez, in the inner harbour of Delagoa Bay; but, in modern times, the Portuguese claim to any territory south of the 26th degree of latitude was disputed by Great Britain. This rule would have deprived Portugal of the southern shore of Delagoa Bay, and of the small island of Inyack, which lies at the entrance to the Bay, and which was, in 1820, visited by Captain Owen, R.N., with three British gun-boats, and declared to be a British possession. In 1875, the dispute was referred, by mutual consent, to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, who decided it in favour of Portugal, and the Portuguese frontier was then fixed at latitude 26 deg. 30 min., on the coast, and inland by the Maputo river, south of which is the native territory of Amatongaland.

The railway has been projected ever since the opening of the gold-fields in the eastern part of the Transvaal, but has naturally been regarded by the British colonial and mercantile interests of Natal, and of Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, as a rival commercial route to their own. Many Englishmen, however, attended the opening ceremony, as well as many Portuguese and foreigners of other nations. The Governor-General of the Mozambique Provinces, the Governor of Delagoa Bay, Colonel Machado, Major Aurajo, Inspector of the Portuguese Colonial Forces, and Captain Drummond, R.N., the British Vice-Consul, were present. The construction and working of the railway are, however, mainly performed by Englishmen. M. Philip Knee is the general manager; and Sir Thomas Tancred, as an influential director, took a leading part in the opening, which was accompanied by liberal festivities, entertaining 400 guests at luncheon, under the shade of a large tree, at the present terminus of the line on the banks of the Komati river.

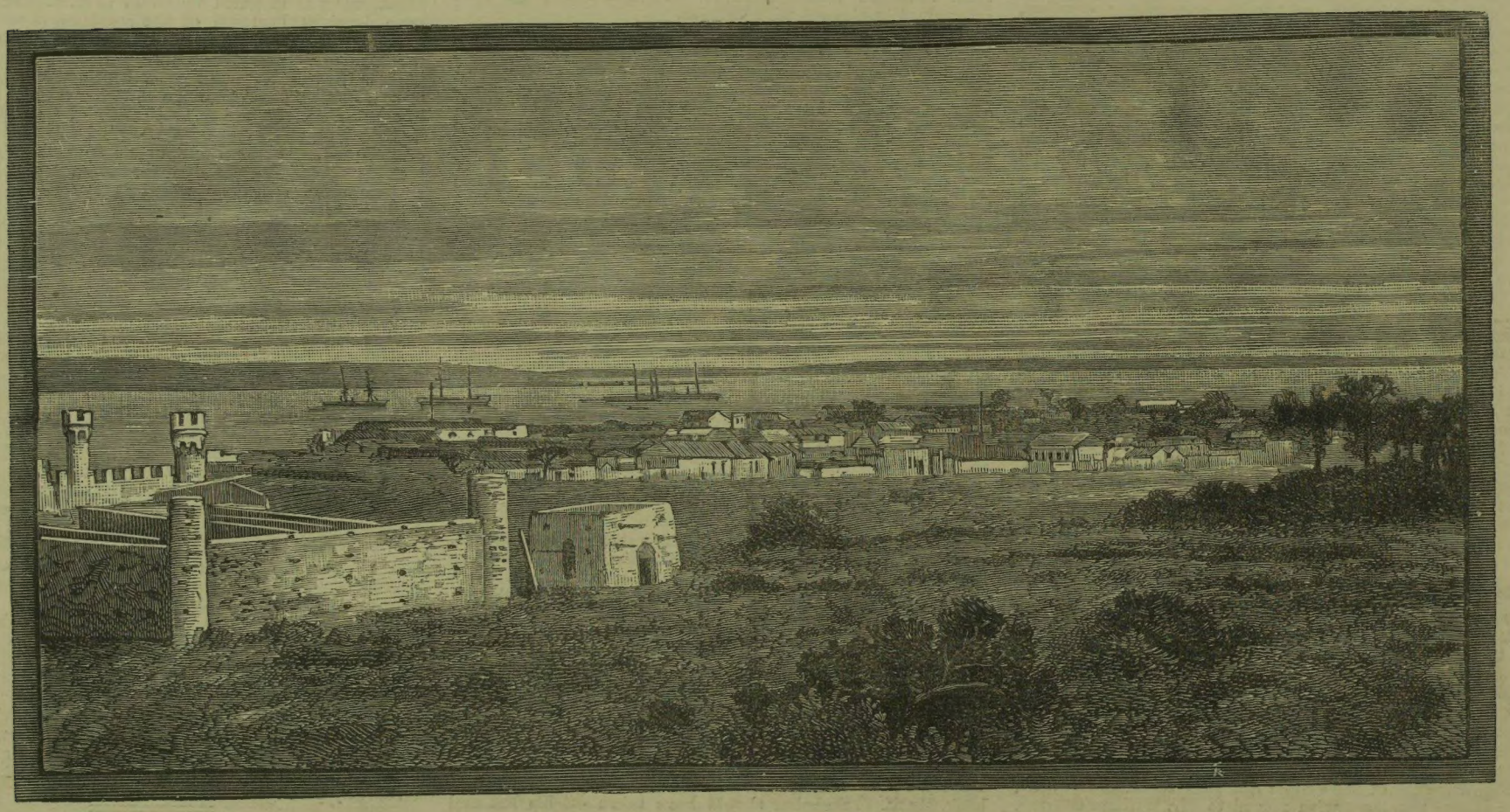
Photographs were taken by Mr. Lloyd, of Durban, Natal, and by Messrs. Payer and Raucher, of Delagoa Bay, from which we obtain our Illustrations. One is a View of Lorenzo Marquez, with the Custom-House new building in front, and materials for the railway lying on the beach, when the works were commenced in June, 1887. The second View, from the hill called the Berea, which is behind Lorenzo Marquez, shows in the foreground a half-built magazine belonging to the fort; vessels are seen in the harbour, beyond which is the southern shore of Delagoa Bay, awarded to Portugal by the arbitration of 1875. The third View shows the construction of the bridge over the sluice that carries off the drainage of the swamp adjacent to Lorenzo Marquez, which has been hitherto a very unhealthy place.

Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, I.C.S., has been elected to the Boden Sanscrit Scholarship for 1888. Mr. C. J. Hallifax, scholar of Balliol College, I.C.S., was honourably mentioned.

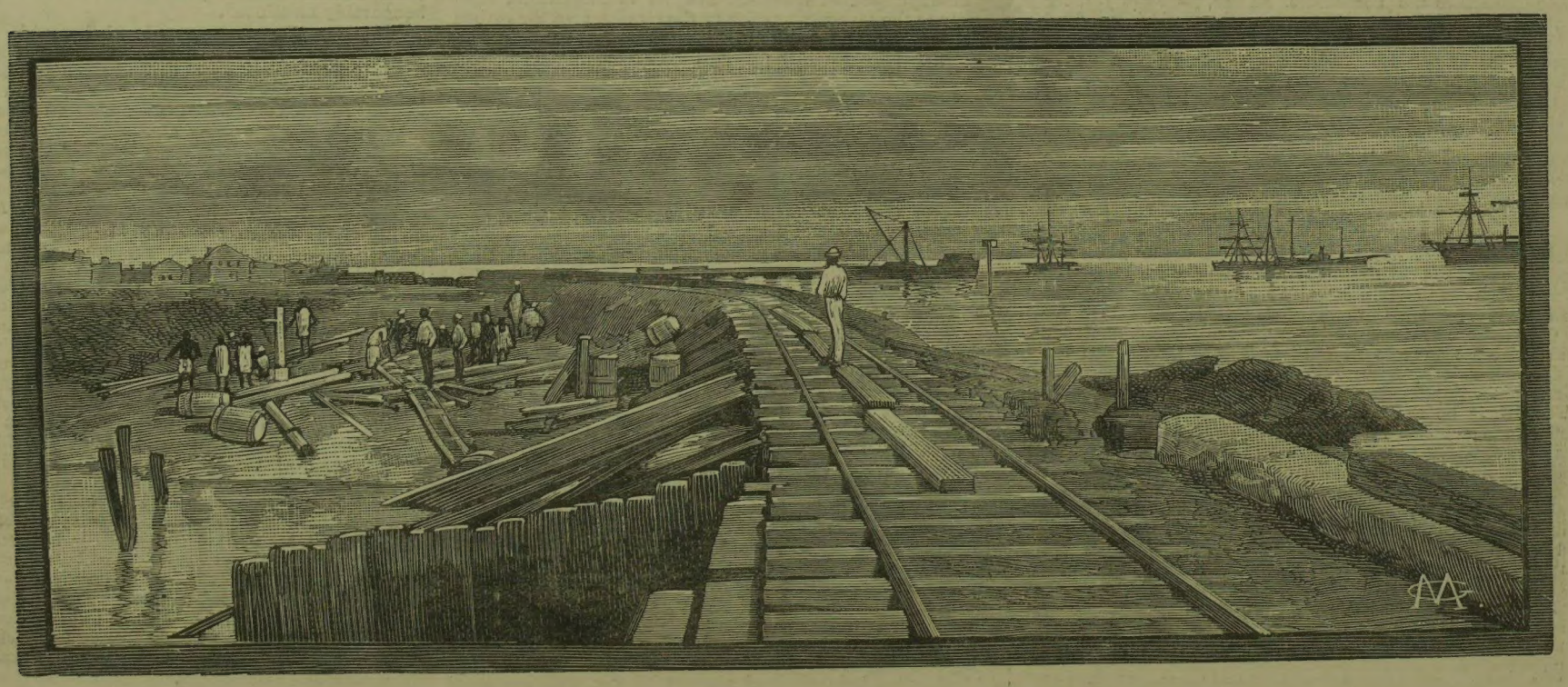
The Graphic Gallery of Shakspeare's Heroines, in Brook-street, Hanover-square, includes one-and-twenty finished studies by some of the most prominent artists of the day, who have been allowed free scope in the treatment of their subjects. The idea is not altogether novel, for nearly fifty years ago a gallery of Shakspeare's heroines was produced which have been made familiar to many by Finden's engravings. As illustrative of the art of the period they were highly creditable, evincing considerable care in execution and a very literal adherence to the text. Mr. Alma Tadema's handling of Portia, the wife of Brutus, watching from a gallery the meeting of the conspirators, is the most dramatic, if not the most attractive, of the studies now exhibited; and the one in which the artist has relied less upon local colour and conventional theories. Mr. L. Fildes' Jessica as she is about to elope with Lorenzo, and Mr. H. Wood's Portia in the balcony of a Venetian Palace overlooking the Grand Canal, are not only delightfully commemorative of the place where the well-known discomfiture of the Jew usurer was brought about, but they suggest side views of the two women's characters upon which it is wholesome to dwell. In point of finished work Mr. Blair Leighton's rendering of Olivia lifting her veil is only equalled by Mr. Fildes' work, and the former must be also congratulated upon the true dignity with which he has invested a beautiful face. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Desdemona" is, to our mind, a trifle too ladylike, and her face scarcely suggests one who would have sacrificed all social prejudices for love; but Mr. C. E. Perugini—who in many things follows the President's lead—has been eminently successful in his rendering of the spotless Silvia. Mr. Phil. Morris has found a congenial subject in simple Audrey's "features," which are comely in spite of their vacancy. She is a rustic type without pretence to culture and fine clothes, and walks contentedly through the world with a turnip under her arm, ready to exchange it for a husband or anything else. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Cleopatra" and Mr. Schmalz's "Imogen" are above the average in point of interest and execution.



LORENZO MARQUEZ CUSTOM HOUSE: VIEW FROM THE LANDING-JETTY OF THE PORT.



LORENZO MARQUEZ: VIEW FROM THE BEREA, POWDER MAGAZINE IN THE FOREGROUND.



RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE SLUICE OF THE SWAMP DRAINAGE AT LORENZO MARQUEZ.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE PIAZZA SAN SEBASTIANO, SAN REMO.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

VIEW FROM THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA PALMIERI, THE INTENDED RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT FLORENCE.

JAPANESE WOOD-ENGRAVING AT THE BURLINGTON FINE-ART CLUB.

The Burlington Fine-Arts Club has earned a debt of gratitude from lovers both of art and literature by the pains it has taken to bring together, to arrange, and to explain, a collection of prints and books illustrating the history of engraving in Japan. By carefully limiting the field of their labour the committee of the club has been able to present, in an intelligible as well as an attractive form, one side, at least, of the development of Japanese civilisation; and in going through the treasures of which the club is the temporary but liberal guardian, it should be constantly borne in mind that the primary aim of committees has been to exhibit the progress of wood-engraving in Japan alone—an art which they borrowed either directly from the Chinese or from them through the Coreans. A secondary object which the committee has also kept in view is to show the way in which the European processes of stencil printing and engraving on copper and stone have become acclimatised in the far East. Two clearly divided periods as well as phases of art are thus brought under our notice, and it only remains for the visitor to draw his own conclusions as to the influence of Japanese skill, taste, and temperament on the wood-engraving of their neighbours and the more mechanical processes of the "barbarians." Of old Chinese block-printing and engraving there are already some remarkable specimens to be seen in the cases exposed in the King's Library of the British Museum; whilst still more complete guide to Chinese art will shortly be open to the public, at the same place, in the set of rooms recently completed. To return, however, to the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, it is only from a modern reproduction by Japanese artists that we are able to gain any idea (and that an imperfect one) of the earlier state of wood-engraving in China, in the illustrations of the "Kwanyin Satra" (427), or Saving Grace of Kwanyin, a book supposed to have been printed in the year 1331. Of a somewhat, although little later, date were the treatises on the cultivation of rice (421) and the manufacture of silk (432), of which Japanese reproductions are to be found in Case I. We shall probably have occasion to recur to these early Chinese works, and to the development of the art of engraving, when we pass in review the contents of the new rooms devoted to this subject about to be opened at the British Museum.

It is with Japanese art alone that we are occupied to-day. So far as the present exhibition is concerned, we may look upon the seventeenth century as the starting point of that art, which has attracted so much and well-deserved attention in Western Europe. It is not impossible that for ten centuries preceding, block-printing in some form may have been practised by the Japanese, and one of the most interesting books shown is a reproduction, of the seventeenth century, of a romance, "Ise Monogatari" (251), a story without plot attributed to the Emperor Kwazan-no-In, who lived between A.D. 968 and A.D. 1008. As Mr. W. Anderson, in his admirable introductory preface to the catalogue, truly says, the majority of these illustrations recall in many respects the chap-books of our country; and throughout the seventeenth century there seems to have been wanting not only a higher ideal of art, but also artists to treat their subjects with noticeable increase of delicacy or refinement. It does not appear whether Japanese art up to this period had been, like our own, subject to foreign influence; but, by a curious coincidence, the Japanese and the English renascence are almost contemporary. Sir James Thornhill, although his fame was eclipsed by that of his son-in-law, Hogarth, was at the height of his reputation about the time when a dyer's draughtsman, Hishigawa Moronobu, founded the modern school of Japanese art, leaving a group of disciples by whom his teaching was developed and improved. The foundation of one school, moreover, stimulated the rivalry of other artists, and consequently from the end of the seventeenth century we can trace the existence, side by side, of numerous masters pursuing distinct ideals, and not unfrequently by wholly separate routes. Amongst these we may mention the group of women (10)—which might with equal truth have been described as "A Wet Day in Kioto"—the group of dancers (16), and the portrait of an actor (22), in which we detect almost the first suggestion of colour. All these may be ascribed to the first half of the eighteenth century. A little later in date are the illustrations of "Little Peachling and the Demons" (25), whose story is told in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan"; "The Afternoon Tea" (44), in Yedo, and a somewhat similar subject (52), treated by the same artist with even greater freedom and spirit.

About this period, 1780, we find coloured wood-engravings, although dating from the beginning of the century, becoming popular; and no more interesting specimen could be given than the view of "The Daimio's Mansion" (63) which displays a mastery of perspective almost unattempted up to that time. At first only three blocks, working a like number of colours, were used; but by degrees these increased to five or six. Figures, especially of women or of celebrated actors, were the principal subjects chosen by the artists of all schools; but at the close of the eighteenth century there seems to have arisen a demand for illustrated hand-books to the principal places of old Japan. The outcome of this taste for topography is to be seen in Class K, where the development of landscape art can be traced with sufficient accuracy. A still higher level of art was obtained by Hokusai, who was born about the same time as our Reynolds, and who, perhaps, exercised almost as great an influence over his contemporaries and successors, both as a figure and a landscape painter. As the former he shows to the best advantage in such sketches as "The Mad Woman Chasing Butterflies" (323) and the volume of miscellaneous sketches (334), whilst his views of the "Peerless Mountain" (336-7) may rank among the most delightful specimens of wood-engraving of the period. Another feature which marked Hokusai's sway was the introduction of New Year's cards, of which there are some interesting examples; but the botanical and zoological works, of which so many remarkable specimens have been current in this country, appear to belong almost exclusively to the latter half of the present century. By this we do not mean to say that the Japanese had no pictures or studies of plant or animal life dating from an earlier period; but it seems not improbable that they were content to reproduce the observations of their Chinese neighbours; but it was subsequent to their contact with European civilisation that their power of observation and delineation in this respect was developed.

We cannot close our short and inadequate notice of this most interesting exhibition without expressing the gratitude which all who visit it (and it is practically open to all who are really interested in Japanese art) for the pains which the committee of management has taken in bringing together so instructive a collection. Mr. W. Anderson, who is the chief contributor, has made us doubly his debtor—for his generous courtesy and for the trusty guide he has furnished in what would otherwise be a labyrinth To the committee of the club we are, moreover, indebted for the handsome catalogue, by means of which a lasting and valuable record of the exhibition will be perpetuated for all the lovers of art.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the infant Prince and Princess of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle on Friday, Feb. 17, from Osborne. The Queen of Sweden and Norway and his Royal Highness Prince Oscar visited her Majesty on Feb. 18, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday, Feb. 19, her Majesty and the Princess and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Maharajah of Kuch Behar and Viscount Cross arrived on Feb. 20 at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. Her Majesty held a Council on Feb. 21, and a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 24.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Colonel Clarke and Captain Perceval, went on Feb. 16 to Nice from Cannes. The Royal visitor took part, for a short time, in the Battle of Flowers on the Promenade des Anglais. The Prince took a little sea excursion on Feb. 18 to the Isle of St. Marguerite, in the yacht of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and returned to Cannes in the evening, where he joined a large dinner-party at the Cercle Nautique. On Sunday morning, Feb. 19, he attended service at St. George's English Church, which was crowded. His Royal Highness went to San Remo on Feb. 20, and visited the Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards dining at the Villa Zirio.—The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, attended Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park, on Sunday morning, Feb. 19. The Rev. H. Smith, Curate of West Newton, Sandringham, officiated and preached. The Princess and her daughters left Sandringham on Feb. 23 for Marlborough House in order to be present at her Majesty's Drawingroom the following day.

The Queen of Sweden received visits at the Grand Hotel on Feb. 16 from M. De Staal, Count Hatzfeldt, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Sir F. Leighton, and the Duc de Bassano, on behalf of the Empress Eugénie. In the evening her Majesty received at dinner Count Piper and the members of the Swedish Legation. On the same day Prince Oscar visited Dartford, and witnessed some experimental firing with the Nordenfeldt guns. His Royal Highness then drove to Erith and inspected a number of guns and naval mountings on board the Nordenfeldt Company's steamer Zelma, by which the Prince and other officers were conveyed up the river to London Bridge. He visited the House of Commons in the evening. The Duchess of Albany visited the Queen of Sweden on Feb. 17. Her Majesty and Prince Oscar, attended by his Excellency Count Piper, Swedish Minister, Mdlle. D'Eketrä, and M. De Stockenström, and General Lynedoch Gardiner, visited the Queen at Windsor Castle on Feb. 18, and remained to luncheon. In the evening the Queen entertained M. Nordenfeldt and other guests at dinner at the Grand Hotel. On Sunday morning, Feb. 19, her Majesty and Prince Oscar and suite attended Divine service at the Swedish church at Rotherhithe. The Queen and Prince Oscar went on Feb. 20 to Craig Head, Bournemouth. On their way her Majesty and Prince Oscar paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough.

The Duke of Cambridge dined with Isabella, Countess of Wilton, at her residence in Grosvenor-street, on Feb. 28. Among those present to meet his Royal Highness were the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington.

AT SAN REMO.

The painful anxiety still felt concerning the recovery of the German Crown Prince, after the operation of tracheotomy, and notwithstanding the absence of signs of cancer or gangrene in the particles of matter from his throat, continues to make San Remo, with its Royal visitors, a place of immediate interest. In addition to the views of San Remo and the neighbourhood already published, our Artist supplies one of the Piazza San Sebastiano. The curious and picturesque features of the old Italian town on the hill were described in former notices; the new town below, on the seashore, is open, spacious, and cheerful, and the villas on the rising grounds are delightfully situated. The Prince of Wales, who had passed a few days at Nice, arrived at San Remo on Monday evening, Feb. 20, and saw his illustrious brother-in-law. The Crown Prince and Princess of Baden were there for a day or two at the end of the preceding week, to visit the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, whose trying position is regarded with universal sympathy. Sir Morell Mackenzie has deemed it necessary for him to prolong his attendance at San Remo. Our Correspondent at San Remo telegraphed as follows on Feb. 21:—"I have just seen Sir M. Mackenzie, who assures me the Prince's throat is going on very well, although the trouble attending silver tube in throat has been greater than is commonly the case; but since yesterday all went well. There is much less cough, and expectoration now no longer tinged with blood. There is no fever; no bronchitis. Prince in very good spirits, and much interested in reading. He will go out in few days. Many statements by correspondents wholly inaccurate: they cannot get authentic information, and so repeat the gossip of the town, often of the wildest character. Mackenzie says the Crown Prince may live for many years."

THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.

A view of this house, in the neighbourhood of Florence, which the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres have placed at the disposal of our Queen, during her approaching visit to that famous and beautiful Italian city, appeared in last week's publication. The terrace adjacent to the gardens of the Villa Palmieri commands a delightful view down the Mugello, or valley of the Mugnone, including the north-western part of the city, a mile and a half distant, and extending to the Cascine and beyond the Arno. Within a very short walk up the hill towards San Domenico di Fiesole, much wider views of Florence and of the surrounding hills are obtained, including perhaps more numerous places of interest, to the mind of one acquainted with the history of Italian literature, art, and social refinement, than can be found anywhere else. The spectator is at once reminded of Dante, Boccaccio, the Medici, Savonarola, Michel Angelo, Galileo, and a host of accomplished men, scholars, poets, philosophers, painters, sculptors, and architects, whose works adorned the city in the dawn of the Renaissance, and have not yet lost their charm of learned culture and robust Tuscan grace. There are many other fair scenes in Italy cherished by the educated sentiment, which is the reward of studying whatever is admirable in human productions as well as in the natural creation; Venice and Rome demand our earnest attention—

> But Arno wins us to the fair white walls
> Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
> A softer feeling for her fairy halls;
> Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
> Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
> To laughing life, with her redundant horn;
> Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
> Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
> And buried Learning rose redeemed to a new morn

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Only people of robust health should dare venture on going to a February Drawingroom. "Amongst the barbarisms which law and custom have not yet ceased to sanction," one of the worst is going in weather like this, and in broad daylight, to sit for hours, with arms and shoulders bare, in a carriage in the Mall. Writing before the event, I hear that this will be but a small Drawingroom, though the expectation of the Queen's presence always increases the attendance.

A noticeable Court gown that I saw, which was made for a lady approaching middle age, had a bodice and train of pink frisé velvet in a well-defined pattern, and a petticoat and plastron of the same velvet, but having the pattern everywhere outlined by tiny pink beads, with just an artistic sprinkling of moonlight beads amongst the coloured ones. A panel of fine old Brussels lace softened the junction between the embroidered front and the train, whilst bunches of pink hawthorn along the sides of the latter seemed to repeat the pink and opal shading given by the beads. Another beautiful dress was of heliotrope brocaded with gold, the effect being very good; the skirt was of heliotrope tulle, and the garniture gold and heliotrope ostrich plumes. A bodice and train of pale green velvet were worn over a chartreuse (almost yellow) silk petticoat, nearly veiled with a lace shawl fixed on by long bows and ends of ribbon of the same colour; the vest was of closely gauged silk, with lace berthe. A blue satin ground, brocaded with chestnut-brown flowers, formed the corsage and train of another gown, over a petticoat of pale blue tulle, with trimming, close to the left hip, of a big bunch of chestnut feathers and pendent ends therefrom of blue and chestnut ribbons, the train being bordered with a ruche of blue tulle. Another brocade had a string-coloured ground with pattern in delicate pink; the petticoat was of *ficelle* satin, turned up with a deep flounce of old lace, itself almost as dark as the ground of the brocade. A very elaborate Court gown of peculiar beauty was in a combination of palest green and silver grey. The petticoat was of grey satin, trimmed round the bottom with a rich fringe of crystal and gold beads, headed by lappels of a trefoil shape bound with green. The front of the skirt was slightly draped, and a straight but full panel of lace appeared at the left side. The bodice and train were of the pale-green faille Française, the top of the train arranged in a few tiny "wings," lined so as to show with the grey. The grey lining of the train was turned back on to the green, and fixed with feathers of the two colours at intervals. The basque of the bodice was rather long, and was cut out into lappels, similar to those at the bottom of the skirt, of a shape resembling a clover leaf, each bound round with the grey satin, and further edged with the crystal and gold bead fringe, which thus formed a trimming to the top as well as to the bottom of the petticoat. The front of the bodice was embroidered with crystal and gold beads, and the deep *berthe* was of folded lace, with fringe of beads appearing from under it, while a cluster of grey and green feathers was placed close to the left shoulder. This was the most distinguished and uncommon dress that I saw ready for the Drawingroom of Feb. 24.

Here is an alarming report, from the pen of a Boulogne correspondent of the *Folkestone News*. That most barbarous of traffics, the capture of larks for the table—the destruction of thousands of the sweetest minstrels of the skies, each little life crushed out yielding but one mouthful to the epicure—is largely carried on in the flat fields around Boulogne. The season is now most favourable for trapping, and the birds are falling in great numbers. Nevertheless, the writer referred to asserts that a large proportion of the little objects which are sold in Leadenhall Market and the poulterers' shops of London, ready trussed in dozens on skewers, are not larks at all, but *skinned mice!* The Plumage League should add this fearsome tale to its repertoire of warnings to those who encourage the slaughter of the feathered tribes. But perhaps the epicure will not mind about it.

Why should he mind? After all, what we eat is largely dictated by custom, and, for such a little variety as this, it is only overcoming the shock of the first idea of a strange food that is required! Rats and mice were at a premium during the siege of Paris, a nice rat readily fetching five francs, and forming the basis of a delicious ragout. Rats are, indeed, as common an article of diet as dogs in China, where the fearful pressure of population causes due consideration to be paid to the value of all animal food. But can any Nottingham correspondent tell me if it is true, as stated in an old book in my library, that "rat suppers" were at one time given periodically in a certain inn in Nottingham? Hippophagy is not without living devotees in England and in France; and, doubtless, the horse would have attained an assured position and a butcher all to himself—are there not pork-butchers?—but that, on comparison being made between the price of a thoroughbred, or even of a useful cob in his prime, and the highest available market price per pound of the meat, it was impossible to avoid dire suspicions. The traveller in the tale, who missed the owl which he had been painting, and on inquiring after it was told that he had eaten it for the dinner of that day, did not appreciate the horror of the situation till he had exclaimed: "How could you kill the poor bird for me?" and received the answer—"Monsieur, the bird died of his own accord just in time." Few Englishmen thoroughly enjoy, till they are hardened by use, either the frogs' legs or the *escargots* which the Parisian diner regards with as commonplace an interest as the British epicure does "ripe" cheese, or the Hottentot gourmand ants, or the Arab pounded locusts, or the dainty native of Ceylon bees.

Dr. Livingstone's children had to learn to eat stewed caterpillars; and another African traveller, Baldwin, extols the flavour of elephants' hearts and feet. My brother, W. M., who, as Assistant Surveyor-General of British Honduras, has explored, at many days' journey from civilisation, miles of virgin forest, writes an account of how eagerly he and his party of Indians, when nearly starved, ate monkey stew. They found the flesh tough, but possibly that was owing to their bad cooking, as Bates, in his South American travels, declares that the flesh of the spider monkey was "the best meat he ever tasted—like beef, only more tender." My correspondent adds:—"The beast which supplies most fresh meat up there (*i.e.*, in the Honduras bush) is the iguana, a horrible looking saurian, of a pale green colour, and usually of about two feet in length, though I have seen them as much as six feet long. It requires an effort of will to eat them the first time, but once having overcome the repugnance caused by their appearance they are found to be very nice, and they are, in fact, eagerly sought for as food by the Indians." Yes, that is it—"once having overcome the repugnance," why not eat skinned mice for larks?

If the barbarous judgment given by Mr. Justice Stirling in the Bethell marriage case is not reversed on appeal, it should be at once attended to by Parliament, and the law, if the Judge correctly stated it, amended. The judgment amounted to this—that the marriage of an Englishman with a woman of a polygamous nation, however solemnly and ceremoniously contracted, is no marriage.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



TERRIBLE NEWS.

MUSIC.

The thirteenth of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, was rendered especially important by the first performance in England of one of Brahms's most recent compositions, a concerto for violin and violoncello with orchestral accompaniments, our notice of which was unavoidably reserved until now. The work consists of three divisions—"Allegro," "Andante," and "Vivace non troppo." The first movement is characterised by much of that diffuseness of treatment which is a frequent tendency of the composer. There are some effective points, especially in the use of syncopated rhythm, together with many passages for the special display of the solo instruments, alternately and in combination. These, however, are very much mixed up with the orchestral features of the score. The "Andante" is the best portion of the concerto, containing much graceful, melodious writing for the two soloists, with varied treatment in the orchestral accessories. It has, moreover, the advantage of being more coherent and less unduly extended than the other movements. The finale has, at least, the merit of a pervading impulsive animation that contrasts well with the generally sombre tone of the preceding portions of the concerto. It is scarcely necessary to say that the work was admirably played, the executants having been Herr Joachim and Mr. Hausmann. The other items of the programme call for no special remark, having consisted of the overture to Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," a symphony of Haydn's, violin and violoncello solos assigned, respectively, to the soloists just named, and an extract from the ballet-music of Rubinstein's opera "Feramors." The fourteenth of the London Symphony Concerts (the last but two of the present series) took place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, when the principal feature in the programme was Brahms's concerto for violin and violoncello, the solo instruments sustained respectively by Herr Joachim and Mr. Hausmann, as at the first performance of the work at the previous concert, noticed above. It was again effectively rendered and favourably received. Another specialty at the concert now referred to was a ballad, for orchestra, composed by Hamish MacCunn, who had before attracted favourable notice by works produced at the Crystal Palace previously referred to by us. That now alluded to—entitled "The Ship o' the Fiend"—also manifests considerable capacity for the romantic in music by its characteristic illustration of the legendary Scotch poem after which the piece is entitled. It was conducted by the composer. The concert also included a pleasingly melodious serenade (for stringed instruments) by Robert Volkmann, Beethoven's majestic overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," and violin and violoncello solos executed respectively by Herr Joachim and Herr Hausmann.

The resumption (on Feb. 11) of the thirty-second series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace has already been noticed. The second concert of the year (the thirteenth of the series), on Feb. 18, brought forward two works for the first time here—a cantata entitled "The Day-Dream," composed by Mr. C. T. Speer; and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a ballad for chorus and orchestra, the composition of Hamish MacCunn. The first-named work, which had previously been heard in the provinces, is a setting of Lord Tennyson's poetry; portions being assigned to the chorus, two tenor solos, and a duet for soprano and tenor being included in the work, which is preceded by an orchestral introduction. There is much brightness in the music generally, the choral writing being, perhaps, the most effective. A little more variety of style and a more sparing use of full orchestral resources might have been desirable. Still, the cantata is a work of much promise. The solo portions were well sung by Miss Thudichum and Mr. H. Kearton, and the Crystal Palace Choir gave good effect to the choruses—the fine band of the establishment having rendered full justice to the instrumental details. Mr. MacCunn has been previously made known at these concerts by an overture, entitled "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," produced here on the fifth of last November. His ballad now referred to is based on Campbell's poetry. A short orchestral introduction leads into a unisonous phrase for the choral basses, followed and alternated by other strains for the tenors, with narrative passages. These are succeeded by some bold choral writing for the full choir; the leading theme, of a decidedly Scottish character (announced in the introduction), being prominently used. Some effective choral music, interspersed with solo passages and associated with some picturesque and characteristic orchestral writing, leads to a brief phrase of lamentation for the chorus, and some concluding strains for the orchestra, in which the representative theme is again heard. The music displays an especial talent for the romantic style. It was very favourably received. Other items of the concert call for no remark.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave the second subscription concert of the fifth season, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 16, under the conductorship of Mr. G. Kitchin. The performances of the amateur band were mostly such as would not have been unworthy of professional instrumentalists. Much progress has been made since the establishment of the society, which now ranks amongst the best amateur institutions of the kind.

The concert of the students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall on Feb. 17 gave fresh evidence of the efficiency of the course of instruction pursued at the establishment. Miss Dora Bright's variations for two pianofortes (well played by herself and Miss E. Boyce) is a very meritorious composition; as is also a prelude and fugue for pianoforte, composed and played by Miss R. Meyer. Misses E. T. Vellar and S. Crews and Messrs. Horrocks and Fox displayed much talent as pianists, as did Mr. C. A. Gill as a violoncellist; part-songs (conducted by Mr. Barnby) having been well sung by the choir.

The return of Herr Joachim has given fresh impetus to the popular concerts at St. James's Hall. The reappearance of the great violinist at the evening concert of Feb. 13 was duly noticed by us. He was again the leading violinist at the concert of Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18, and at that of the following Monday evening. On the earlier occasion he played the "Chaconne" from Bach's sonata, in D minor, for violin alone; a piece of elaborate difficulty such as could scarcely have been executed in Bach's own time, and even now taxes the utmost powers of the most skilful violinist. Mr. Max Pauer, who was the pianist, gave a sound rendering of Greig's characteristic suite entitled "Aus Holberg's Zeit," besides sustaining the principal part in Schumann's pianoforte trio in D minor. Lieder, by the two composers just named, were successfully rendered by Mdlle. Herminie Kopp—the concert having opened with Beethoven's string quartet known as the "Harp Quartet." At the Monday evening concert just specified, Miss Mathilde Wurm was the pianist, her solo having been Schumann's series of charming pieces entitled "Papillons," her name having been associated with those of Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor. The first-named gentleman played the quaint old "Sarabande" and "Tambourin" by Leclair, which has so often been made a feature by the violinist at these concerts. Lieder, by Brahms and Schumann, were well sung by Miss M. Hall. The concert of next Monday evening (Feb. 27) will possess a special interest, as Madame Schumann will then appear. This great pianist had recently determined to abandon her intention of coming to England this year, but has now altered her intention, and will fulfil her engagements at the Popular Concerts and at that of the Philharmonic Society on March 15.

Mr. Charles Wade's new series of Chamber Concerts opened, with the first of four performances, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, at Prince's Hall, instead of, as originally announced, on Feb. 7 at the Grosvenor Gallery. The programme was of strong and varied interest, having comprised effective vocal and instrumental pieces rendered by skilful performers. The concert opened with Mozart's string quartet in C major, well rendered by the Cologne Conservatoire quartet party, headed by Herr Hollander, in association with Herren Schwarz, Körner, and Hegyesi. The instrumental pieces of the programme were agreeably varied by pleasing vocal performances contributed by Mrs. Henschel and Mr. C. Wade.

Mdlles. M., C., and E. Eissler gave a recital on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 21, when the programme comprised various meritorious performances by them on their respective instruments—violin, harp, and pianoforte. The programme included a grand duet for two harps, composed by Mr. John Thomas, executed by him and Mdlle. C. Eissler.

The third and last of the series of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's interesting vocal recitals at Prince's Hall offered a programme of the usual varied and well-contrasted interest, having included solos and duets, for the concert-givers, selected from composers of various schools and periods.

The series of the Novello Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall is approaching completion, four of the six performances having taken place. At the fourth concert, Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," was the chief feature of the programme, which also included the first performance here of a concert-overture composed by Mr. Oliver King. Our notice of the concert is necessarily reserved.

Mr. Henri Logé's second winter concert—at Steinway Hall, on Thursday morning, Feb. 23—presented a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music, contributed to by several executants, including M. Logé as pianist.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's season is nearly at an end—the fifth concert having been announced for Thursday evening, Feb. 23, when "Elijah" was promised for the occasion.

A pianoforte recital was announced to be given by Mr. J. A. Dykes at Prince's Hall, on Friday afternoon, Feb. 24. This gentleman, it may be remembered, is the composer of a pianoforte trio which was performed for the first time at the Monday Popular Concert of Jan. 16, and noticed by us at the time. The programme of his recital (which occurred too late for present comment) comprised solo pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Raff, and Rubinstein.

The hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary festival of that excellent institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, will be held at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 8, when the Lord Mayor will be the president.

It is stated that her Majesty has "commanded" a special performance at the Albert Hall of "The Golden Legend" on May 8. Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Banks and Santley will be the chief vocalists, and Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct. The arrangements will be similar to those observed at the "command" performance of M. Gounod's oratorio two years ago—that is to say, the concert will commence at four o'clock in the afternoon, and afternoon dress will be worn.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society give a concert at St. James's Hall this evening, Feb. 25, the programme including works by Beethoven, Grieg, Gouvy, Gounod, Handel, Massenet; and the vocalists being Miss Eleanor Rees and Miss Effie Clements.

The Westminster Orchestral Society will give a concert on Feb. 29, in the evening, at Westminster Townhall.

Mr. Frederick Edward Cole, Barrister-at-law of the Western Circuit, has been appointed District Commissioner of the Gold Coast Colony.

Sir B. Samuelson, M.P., presiding on Feb. 21 at the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, congratulated his hearers on the improvement in trade and manufactures. The exports had increased by £9,000,000 in 1887.

At a meeting of the Victoria Institute held on Feb. 20 Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen gave a sketch of the historical events connected with the founding of Babylon, and then announced that he had lately come across four remarkable inscribed Babylonian tablets. These he produced, and proceeded to translate. They threw fresh light on the events of those days.

"Twycross's Redemption" (Arrowsmith, Bristol) is a remarkably interesting book of adventure for the young, cleverly written by Mr. Alfred St. Johnston, and vigorously illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. Life in Colombo and picturesque Ceylon is graphically limned by Mr. St. Johnston, who has interwoven romance and adventure so deftly as to produce a work which will entertain youth of both sexes.

An interesting French picture, entitled "The Widow," which was at the Paris Salon Exhibition of 1880, and was afterwards exhibited by its purchaser, Mr. Wallis, at his French Gallery in London, was copied in an Engraving published by us on Nov. 19 last year. By an accidental mistake, which we regret, it was ascribed to M. Edouard Frère, instead of to M. Georges Laugée, the artist who deserves commendation for this meritorious work.

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PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 21.

The event of the week is the Wilson trial, which is decidedly one of the most shameful episodes in the history of contemporary France. The judgment in this affair will be rendered next week. But, after the judgment, what will be the status of the order of the Legion of Honour?

Russia and things Russian are very much *à la mode* just now in Paris. Tolstoi's drama, "La Puissance des Ténèbres," has brought matters to a crisis. Madame Adam has had all Paris to her rooms to see a performance of a comedy by Ivan Tourgueneff, adapted by herself, and played at the unearthly hour of two in the morning. The blank walls are covered with bills announcing popular publications with international titles, such as "Nos amis les Russes." The cry is "Tout à la Russe!" and the latest novelty is a new journal, called *La Vie Franco-Russe*, sixteen pages of sentimental gush and a number of coloured illustrations, the whole published with propagandist intentions, to cement the Franco-Russian alliance and "to affirm the mutual agreement of two nations separated by so many kilomètres and united by so many affinities." It is only in gay Paris that such chimerical and chivalrous plans can be elaborated, and that people can be found to put money into such a wild enterprise with the hope, I suppose, of obtaining the decoration of the Legion of Honour as a reward of their patriotism.

The political week has been taken up by the discussion of various chapters of the Budget, and by a little more vague tilting against the Tirard Cabinet, which has been once more saved by the combined efforts of the Conservatives and of the President of the Chamber. If any reader still takes an interest in French politics, here is a forecast of the course of events. As soon as the Budget has been voted, and the ground cleared of disagreeable questions, Parliament will allow a crisis to form; M. Tirard will retire, and M. Floquet will take the ribbons and drive the Ministerial coach with a very smart crowd on the roof. This crisis is not very distant. The present Ministry cannot live many weeks, or even days.

The new Portrait Gallery in the Louvre has been opened to the public in the Salle des Etats. This gallery has been formed in imitation of the famous collection in the Uffizi at Florence, with the difference that sculptors have been added to painters, and busts and medallions to pictures. There are 104 portraits, including works by Rembrandt, Mignard, Largillière, Rigaud, Latour, Chardin, Delacroix, and others. The idea is good enough; but, after all, one does not quite see why the honours of this gallery should be reserved exclusively to painters and sculptors. Why should not engravers and architects be admitted also? And why should not authors, poets, philosophers, savants, musical composers, comedians, and orators be found worthy of its walls? In short, why do not the French follow our example at South Kensington and begin at once a National Portrait Gallery?

Lord Lytton is carefully tending his relations with literary and artistic Paris. The other night he dined with the Spartiates, or Spartans—a literary society of which he was elected a member during his previous residence in Paris. In reply to a toast in his honour, Lord Lytton was laconic and bright. "Some philosopher has remarked," he said, "that the mouth has been given to man for three purposes: to eat, to talk, and to yawn. We have just dined excellently, we have had a pleasant talk, and I should be sorry by a long speech to cause you to accomplish the third function of the mouth. As a Spartan I cannot do better than appropriate Marshal MacMahon's historic and laconic phrase: '*J'y suis, j'y reste.*'"

M. Paul Bonnetain has published a new edition of his interesting volume, "Au Tonkin" (1 vol., Charpentier), preceded by a hundred luminous pages in which will be found, for the first time, a connected and unsophisticated narrative of the history of Tonkin and of the French occupation. T. C.

Count Corti, late Italian Ambassador to Great Britain, died in Rome on Feb. 18, after an illness of five days. The Count had been suffering from gout, which, on reaching the heart, caused his death. It is understood that Count di Robilant will be the new Italian Ambassador to this country.—The Pope, on Feb. 16, received the Scotch pilgrims, many of whom wore the kilt. The leaders were the Archbishop of Edinburgh and the Marquis of Bute. They numbered about 150, and brought £2600 as Peter's pence.—The other day, at Genoa, in the presence of the special and Royal delegate Pavesi, the chest was opened in which was preserved the celebrated violin of Nicolo Paganini. The instrument is in admirable preservation, and the veteran Italian violinist Camillo Sivori played several pieces of music, arousing the admiration of all present. Afterwards Paganini's violin was deposited in a case covered by a glass shade.

A terrible cyclone on Feb. 19 swept over the town of Mount Vernon, Illinois, by which one-half of the place was levelled to the ground. A fire followed, and three-fourths of the business quarter was destroyed. Five hundred houses were wrecked and twenty-nine persons killed and over one hundred injured.

A Shanghai correspondent says a terrific earthquake is reported from Yunnan, and it is said that 2000 people have been killed.

The Portrait of Bishop Walsham How is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry; that of the late Countess Olga Münster is from one by Mr. A. Bassano.

The statue of the late Duke of Buccleuch, at Edinburgh, is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A.; we gave an Illustration of it last week.

Mr. John Roberts, junior, the champion billiard-player, has published a challenge offering to concede to anybody in the world a start of 10,000 points in 20,000, "spot stroke barred."

A biography of Captain Mayne Reid is in preparation, and Mrs. Mayne Reid will feel greatly obliged to friends for any letters of her late husband's which may be of interest, addressed to her, at 20, Montpelier-road, Twickenham.

Lord Herbrand Russell (Grenadier Guards), younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and Miss Tribe, daughter of the acting Archdeacon of Lahore, were married on Feb. 1 in India.

Count Van Bylandt, the Netherlands Minister in London, presided at the annual banquet of the Dutch Club, at the Hôtel Métropole, on Feb. 18, in honour of the King of Holland's birthday. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Alma Tadema were among the guests.

The official returns of the Volunteer force for last year show the largest results ever yet attained. The total enrolled strength was 228,038, against 226,752 in 1886; and the efficients are 221,491, against 220,829. Of the efficients, nearly 41,000 are artillery, 10,000 engineers, 600 submarine miners, and 169,000 infantry. There were 197,269 Volunteers present at inspection; 18,921 officers and sergeants hold proficiency certificates; and 904 officers have passed in tactics.

TRIAL OF M. WILSON, IN PARIS, FOR ILLICIT DEALING IN FRENCH DECORATIONS.

1. Greffier (Clerk of the Court). 2. The Judges. 3. Madame Ratazzi. 4. M. Wilson. 5. M. Lombard, Government Prosecutor.

MRS. MARIA C. DOUGLASS, M.D., AND THE FIRST CLASS OF PUPIL NURSES IN BURMAH.



THE RUSSIAN ARMY: CAUCASIAN COSSACKS CROSSING A PASS IN DAGHESTAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. KUBANOFF.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1879) and two codicils (dated Aug. 8, 1881, and March 16, 1882) of Alderman Sir John Staples, K.C.M.G., late of 87, Avenue-road, Regent's Park, and Argyll-place, Regent-street, who died on Jan. 16 last, were proved on Feb. 18 by Thomas Henry Staples, the brother, John James Staples, the nephew, and Henry John Staples, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £103,000. Subject to legacies to wife and relatives, the testator leaves all his property between his children.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1874), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1880), of Mr. James Park, late of Gloucester Lodge, Clapham-road, who died on Dec. 20 last, was proved on Feb. 14 by Mrs. Laure Park, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his wife, to apply, at her discretion, for the benefit of the poor of Clapham, Belfast, and the island of Mauritius, in equal proportions; £4000, his house Gloucester Lodge, with the furniture, plate, linen, pictures, &c., therein, and certain property in Milk-street, Cheapside, to his wife; £2000 to his niece, Edith Bruce; £6600 to his sister Catharine; £2400 each to his sisters Matilda, Octavia, and Charlotte; and specific gifts of houses and other property and pecuniary legacies to relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Laure Park, absolutely.

Probate of the will (dated Jan. 12, 1883), with a codicil thereto, of Augustus Wattenbach, Esq., late of Garden Reach, Champion-hill, was granted, on Feb. 20, to Matilda Wattenbach, his widow, Frederick Augustus Burgett, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, his brother-in-law, and Gustavus Metzger, Esq., of Lombard-street, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England being sworn at £68,427 6s. 4d. After giving certain legacies, and setting apart the sum of £10,000, upon trusts, for the benefit of his son, Frederick Wattenbach, and his children, and the gift of a leasehold house situate and being No. 5, Champion-park, Denmark-hill, to his daughter, Annie Reincke, the testator gives the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his said wife, during her life or widowhood, with remainder to his said two children, in equal shares, for life, with remainder to their children.

The will (dated July 25, 1877), with four codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1883; Feb. 28, Sept. 30, and Nov. 12, 1884), of Mrs. Sarah Death, formerly of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, but late of Woodstock House, Golder's-green, Hendon, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 11, by Robert Wrightson, jun., the nephew, Charles Waring Young, and Maria Louisa Wrightson, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £59,000. The testatrix gives £5000 and all her household furniture and effects and articles of jewellery to her niece, Maria Louisa Wrightson; £3500 to Robert Wrightson, jun.; £6000 to Mrs. Frances Fuller, and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one third thereof, to Henry Death and his children, one third to Robert Wrightson, sen., and his children, and the remaining one third to the wife and children of the late Oliver Death.

The will (dated July 31, 1886) of Mr. John Manship Norman, D.L., J.P., late of Dencombe, Slaugham, Sussex, who died on Jan. 10 last, was proved on Feb. 10 by Twynihoe William Earle, James Henry Sclater, and George Russell Rogers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Charing-cross Hospital; £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital and the Chichester Diocesan Association; £3000, upon trust, for his cousin, Mrs. Julia Bethune, for life, and then to her children; £2000, upon trust, for John Manship Ewart, and at his death to his daughters, Florence and Mary; £4000, upon trust, for his sister, Elizabeth Hedley; his pictures of "St. Francis Xavier," by Murillo, and "The Infant Saviour on the Knees of St. John," by Herrera, to Oswald Norman; and other bequests. The residue of his personal and all his real estate he leaves between Oswald and Reginald Norman.

The will (dated June 18, 1878) of Mr. Charles Goodman Graves, late of Newbold Grange, Newbold-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 9 by James Graves, Frederic Graves, and the Rev. Charles Edward Graves, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator gives all his jewels, trinkets, wines, and consumable stores, and the use of Newbold Grange, and the income of the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Emma Graves, for life; at her death he bequeaths £1500 to his great-niece, and all the rest and remainder of his real and personal estate to his four nephews, James Graves, Frederic Graves, the Rev. Charles Edward Graves, and Charles Graves.

The will of Miss Margaret Sophia Bowring, formerly of Denbies, Dorking, but late of No. 49, Warwick-square, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 5 by the Rev. Edgar Francis Bowring, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. Subject to legacies of £100 to the St. Boniface Schools, Ventnor, and £100 each to her brothers Algernon and Victor, the testatrix leaves all her property to her brother, the Rev. Edgar Francis Bowring.

The will (dated June 17, 1881) of Mr. Alfred Christian, C.M.G., late of Valetta, Malta, banker and merchant, who died on Oct. 30 last, at Nimes, France, was proved on Feb. 10 by William Christian, the brother, and Harvey Ranking, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. Subject to a gift of £500 and his furniture, &c., to his wife, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death to his sons (with the exception of Edward William, who has been already well provided for), such sons holding commissions in the Army or Navy of Great Britain to receive two shares, his other sons receiving one share each. He also confirms and ratifies his marriage settlement and a deed of appointment in favour of his daughter, Margaret Eliza.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1885) of Mr. Charles William Forbes, late of Landecotes, Parkstone, Dorset, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved on Feb. 13 by Louis Forbes, the brother, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Jane Agnes Forbes; but she having predeceased him, the personal estate passes to his next of kin according to the Statute for the Distribution of Intestates' Effects.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1875), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19, 1884), of Miss Anne Boustead, formerly of Alexandra Villa, Torquay, but late of Elmdon Rectory, near Birmingham, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on Feb. 10 by Mr. John Boustead, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing numerous small legacies and annuities, leaves the residue of her property, upon trust, for her brother and sister (John Boustead and Mrs. Fanny Malins), for life, and at their death to their children.

The will (dated June 15, 1870) of Mrs. Louisa Malcolm, late of Beechwood, near Lyndhurst, Southampton, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Feb. 11 by Dame Selina Heathcote, the sister, and the Rev. James Gavin Young, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testatrix gives £300 to Walter Devereux Shirley; £200 and any books he may select to the Rev. James Gavin Young; specific gifts of jewellery to relatives and large legacies to servants. She devises all her manors, messuages, lands, houses, and hereditaments to the use of Lady Selina Heathcote, the widow of the late Sir William Heathcote, of Hurseley Park, Winchester, for life, and, at her death, to Charles George Heathcote, his heirs and assigns for ever. The residue of her personal estate she bequeaths to Lady Heathcote, absolutely.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

(Several answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2281 received from Corporal P Edwards (Bareilly, India); of No. 2285 and 2286 from Lady Thomas (Constantinople); of No. 2286 from John G Grant, Henry G King, C K H; of No. 2287 from J R M Anderson, William Miller, John G Grant, Alpha, Sergeant Macfarlane, W Snewing, A S Stewart, W W Copland, J Dudley, Eliza Dawbarn, Lady Thomas (Constantinople), R Worters, and R D Eccles; of DOBRUSKY'S PROBLEMS (3 and 4), T G (Ware), R H Brooks, John Dudley.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2288 received from A C W (Dover), J D Tucker, L Falcon (Antwerp), E Featherstone, Amy W (Dover), Jupiter Junior, G W Moore (R.N.), G J Veale, E Elsbury, Nerina, Dr. F St, Otto Fulder, R L Southwell, G W Law, G Saint, jun., Ben Nevis, C E P, Major Prichard, W Hillier, W R Raillem, H Wardell, C Darragh, L Desanges, Alpha, R Tweddell, E Casella, N S Harris, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R H Brooks, L Wyman, Dane John, E E H, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Joseph Ainsworth, C Oswald, B R Wood, Shadforth, A H Mole, R F N Banks, H Reeve, J De Sarts (Liège), Thomas Chown, J R M Anderson, E Louden, and T G (Ware).

NOTE.—Only communications received up to Feb. 17 are acknowledged above.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2287.

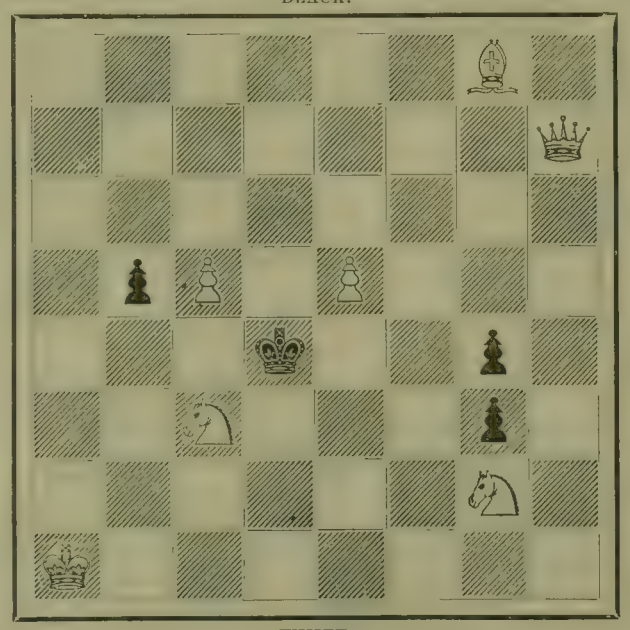
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 3rd	K takes P
2. Q to K 7th (ch)	K moves
3. Q or P mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2290.

Awarded First Prize in the Three-move Problem Tourney of the *Sheffield Independent*.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD (Croydon).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT THE DIVAN.

Played between Messrs. POLLOCK and F. LEE in November last.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	
A safe, though not a classical continuation.	
2.	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th is perhaps a better reply.	
3. B P takes P	P takes P
4. P takes P	Q takes P
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K 3rd (ch)
6. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to R 3rd
This game is not a fair specimen of Mr. Lee's sound and forcible style. He rarely gets, as here, a hopeless game from the start.	
8. Castles	B to K 2nd
9. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
10. Q B to B 4th	P to B 3rd
11. R to K sq	Q to Kt 5th
The poor Queen is quite beside herself.	
12. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd
13. K Kt to Kt 5th	
The best move.	
13.	Q to B 4th
14. B to Q 3rd	Q to R 4th
15. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
16. R takes P	K to B sq
17. Q R to K sq	
Every piece of White's will now be in at the finish.	
17.	B to Kt 5th
18. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
19. B takes R P (ch)	K to B 2nd
20. Kt to K 4th	
A singularly pretty termination. White threatens to win the adverse Queen by a check at Q 6th; mating, by the same operation, if Black save his Queen by capturing White's.	
20.	Kt to Q 2nd
There is nothing to save the game, but this prolongs it.	
21. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
22. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R 2nd
White mated in four moves.	

CHESS IN NEW ORLEANS.

One of fifteen games played by Captain MACKENZIE simultaneously at the New Orleans Chess Club during his recent visit to the Crescent City. It is quoted from the *Times Democrat*.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Capt. Mackenzie).	BLACK (Mr. Blanchard).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th
10. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd
11. Kt to Q 5th	P to K B 3rd
12. B takes P	
This leads to pretty play; but, in connection with this, see our note to move 14.	
12.	P takes B
13. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq
14. Kt to Kt 5th	K to Kt 2nd
This is where Mr. Blanchard stumbled. His best move is 14. Kt to K Kt square.	
15. Kt to B 7th	Q to B sq
16. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
17. Q to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd
18. Q to B 6th (ch)	K takes Kt
19. B to K 2nd (ch), and Black resigned.	

Mr. Blackburne gave two exhibitions at Southampton recently. In the first he played twenty-three games simultaneously, of which he won seventeen, lost two, to Mr. W. C. Kenny and Mr. J. H. Blake, and the remaining four were drawn. The second was a display of chess *sans voir* against eight adversaries, which was commenced at six p.m. and concluded at midnight. In this contest Mr. Blackburne won two games, lost two, to Dr. Hemming and Mr. J. H. Blake, and four were drawn. Mr. J. Fewings discharged the office of "teller" admirably. The attendance of spectators was disappointing on both evenings owing to the inclemency of the weather.

A match between the London Banks and the chess clubs of Brixton was played at the Guildhall Tavern on Feb. 14. Appended are the names of the players and their respective scores:—

LONDON BANKS.		BRIXTON.	
Gill	1	Absent	0
Wood	1	Osborne	0
Reid	½	McLeod	½
Jeans	½	Huttley	½
Sturton	1	Green	0
Coxhead	½	Nursey	½
A. H. Watson	½	Jacobs	½
Shaw	0	Marplot	1
Clarke	0	Cartwright	1
Brt. forward	5		4
G. H. Watson	½	Madden	½
Wallace	0	Blackmore	1
Stevenson	1	Jordan	0
Huntley	1	Vincent	0
Littlehales	0	Klein	1
Weston	0	Grace	1
	7½		7½

THE TRIAL OF M. WILSON.

The proceedings that began on Thursday, Feb. 16, in the Tenth Chamber of the Correctional Court, in the Palais de Justice at Paris, have excited great attention. M. Wilson, formerly Under-Secretary of State, son-in-law to M. Jules Grévy, the late President of the French Republic, with whom he and his wife lived at the Elysée Palace, was charged, with four other persons, with secretly trafficking for money in the Cross of the Legion of Honour and other titles and decorations. The alleged accomplices were Madame Ratazzi, a man named Dubreuil, calling himself a Count, a M. Ribeaudeau, and a M. Hébert; the two latter were employed by M. Wilson—who is proprietor of several newspapers—on the staff of the *Moniteur de l'Exposition*. Two cases were investigated; one, that of M. Crespin, who styles himself Crespin de la Jeannière, and who is a mechanical engineer, and held an appointment in the Marine Department. He states that Dubreuil and Ribeaudeau introduced him to M. Wilson, who promised to use his influence to get him the decoration, and that he was asked to contribute to the funds of the journal owned by M. Wilson, which he did, in subscriptions and advertisements, to the amount of 5000f., Ribeaudeau and Hébert taking 1000f. as commission. The second case was that of M. Legrand, who obtained the decoration, and whose mother, now deceased, appears, from some documents she left, to have paid 94,000f. to Madame Ratazzi, for that lady and M. Wilson. The defendants being questioned in court, both M. Wilson and Madame Ratazzi denied having ever received money from these persons. The trial was expected to continue a week.

FEMALE MEDICAL AID FOR BURMAH.

In February, 1886, when the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and the Countess of Dufferin, visited Burmah, her Ladyship received at Rangoon the committee and active supporters of a society formed under the presidency of Sir Charles Bernard, then Chief Commissioner, to establish in that province a branch of the National Association for providing female medical aid to the women of India. A public meeting was held in the Rangoon Townhall on April 14 in that year; grants of money were promised by the Government of Burmah and the Municipality of Rangoon; a large bungalow was rented on lease for a hospital, and Dr. Maria Douglass, M.D., was appointed Resident Medical Officer and Superintendent, with Surgeon-Major O. Baker, Dr. D'Souza, and Dr. T. F. Pedley, as visiting medical officers, and Brigade-Surgeon H. Griffith as consulting medical officer. The instruction of Burmese native women in nursing and midwifery is an essential part of this institution, and classes for that purpose have been formed by Dr. Maria Douglass, whose portrait, with those of her first pupils, we very willingly present to our readers, having received the first report of the Rangoon Association from Dr. Pedley, the honorary secretary, who is also the Medical Officer of Health at Rangoon. Its president is now Mr. C. H. T. Crosthwaite, who has succeeded Sir Charles Bernard as Chief Commissioner of Burmah; the Bishop of Rangoon, Mrs. Spearman, and Mr. F. A. Gillam, are on the managing committee; and subscriptions, private donations, and grants from local municipalities, contribute to the funds of the institution. The late Lady Brassey, when she and Lord Brassey, in the yacht Sunbeam, visited Rangoon, in March, 1887, took much interest in this undertaking, and presented a set of anatomical charts and obstetric diagrams to serve in teaching the native pupils. Since the hospital was opened, in April last year, 142 patients were treated, to Nov. 30, of which eighty-eight were cases in child-birth, and there were only five deaths, three being those of new-born children. Eighteen students are being trained, and books for their learning are translated into the Burmese language. We find in a recently published volume, "The Coming of the Great Queen," by Major E. C. Browne, some extracts from Dr. Pedley's able treatise on Burmese midwifery, showing the dreadful cruelties suffered by the women of that country from the stupid ignorance of their ordinary attendants. They are stewed or baked and smoked almost to death, in close airless chambers made as hot as possible, and filled with steam, during some days and nights before and after childbirth; many die, and the health and strength of many more are destroyed. We are glad to learn that measures are being taken to correct these deplorable practices in Burmah.

THE COSSACKS OF THE CAUCASUS.

In several articles, with accompanying Illustrations, published in January, we described the organisation and equipment of the Russian Army. The Don Cossacks, of whose position and military character we gave minute particulars, are to be distinguished from those of the Caucasus and other provinces on the borders of Asia. The uniform of the Caucasian troops of cavalry is different, consisting of a close-fitting "beshmet," or Tartar jacket, red or blue, for the Kuban or the Terek tribes, with black trousers, and with a black tunic, the "tcherkeska," a garment peculiar to their nation, of shaggy felt, hanging below the knee; they wear black sheepskin caps, with tops of coloured cloth. Across their breasts are bandoliers of metal, containing twenty cartridges. The party shown in our correspondent's Sketch are traversing a mountain pass in Daghestan, the wildest part of Circassia, where the Caucasus range divides the provinces of Kuban and Terek, to the north, from Kutais and Georgia, and from the coasts of the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The actual progress of the works of this important structure is shown in our Illustration. It was designed, for the Corporation of the City of London, by the late City Architect, Sir Horace Jones; the mechanical arrangements, which are an essential part of its design, were contrived and superintended by Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, of the Institute of Civil Engineers. The contractor for the erection of the bridge, which will cost about £750,000, is Mr. John Jackson, of Westminster. The first stone was laid at Midsummer, 1886, by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the three young Princesses. The bridge is to cross the Thames at Irongate Stairs, near the Tower of London, to Bermondsey; its middle portion is to be a movable drawbridge, or rather lifting bridge, to be raised equally at both ends, by powerful hydraulic machinery working in two massive towers, which will be of imposing Gothic style. The largest ships will be enabled to pass under the lifted central part of the bridge, which will rise to a great height over the water; and above this will be a fixed footway, 130 ft. above high-water mark, with lifts for passengers. The central opening will be 200 ft. wide.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

The Fishmongers' Company have contributed £105 to the Lord Mayor's fund at the Mansion House for the Metropolitan and City Police Testimonial

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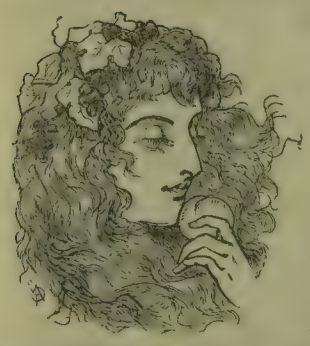
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THE SNOW IN LEICESTERSHIRE: CLEARING THE ROAD BETWEEN MARKET HARBOROUGH AND KETTERING.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL AQUEDUCT AT BARTON-UPON-IRWELL.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

The aqueduct at Barton-upon-Irwell, a few miles south-west of Manchester—the first of its kind ever constructed in England—was built by James Brindley, more than a hundred years ago, to carry the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal over the river Irwell; it will shortly be removed to make way for the Ship Canal. When Brindley, in 1759, proposed to carry the new canal across the Irwell, which was and is navigable for barges up to Manchester, he was considered by everybody but his employer, the Duke, as little better than a lunatic; but, in spite of all, he persevered with his plan; the aqueduct was built, and still stands — a worthy monument of a self-taught genius. This aqueduct is 200 yards long and twelve yards wide; the middle arch has a span of 63 ft. It was at first considered a fatal obstacle to the cutting of the ship canal, for it is impossible to raise the Bridgewater Canal as is being done with the railways; but Mr. Leader Williams, the engineer of the ship canal, has solved the difficulty by a plan which would have astonished Brindley himself. He proposes to construct, near the site of the old aqueduct, a long steel caisson, or trough, which will revolve on live rollers, and will connect the ends of the upper canal, which will be slightly deviated from its present position. This caisson will be kept full of water; at each of its ends, and also at the ends of the canal, there will be water-tight stops. When a steamer is seen approaching on the ship canal these four stops will be closed; the caisson will be caused, by hydraulic machinery, to revolve through a quarter of a circle, thus leaving the line of the ship canal quite clear; and when the steamer has passed through, the operation will be reversed, the caisson placed in its original position, the stops opened, and the upper canal will be again free for traffic; the whole being accomplished without the waste of one drop of water. In order to form some idea of the magnitude of this piece of engineering, and the weight of such a caisson full of water, it should be remembered that the width of the ship canal will be 120 ft. at the bottom, and considerably more at the water-line. When the present aqueduct has been pulled down, at the ends of the canal thus formed, hydraulic lifts will be placed, for lifting boats out of the ship canal into the Bridgewater Canal, or vice versâ. In our Sketch, the bridge which carries the high road across the river is just seen through one of the arches of the aqueduct; the buildings shown are, respectively, a Roman Catholic chapel and schools, and Barton-upon-Irwell church.

In the ninth yearly issue of "The Directory of Directors," just brought out, there is a considerable increase in size, showing the activity which has existed in company matters during the past year. The book is compiled with the usual exactitude which characterises the works of Mr. Thomas Skinner, of the Royal Exchange.

THE SNOW IN THE COUNTRY.

The succession of heavy snow-storms beginning on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13 and Feb. 14, with a strong north-east wind, caused deep snow-drifts in many parts of England, and much stoppage of traffic on the roads. The railways between Savernake and Devizes, and between Blisworth Junction and Stratford-on-Avon, were blocked up, trains being kept in the snow for hours; at Cranmore, in Somersetshire, the passengers remained all night in a train, without relief, and suffering for want of food. Several persons were lost on the roads in Dorsetshire and in Derbyshire. Near Derby, a baker named John Allsopp was bringing home the body of his brother, who had died in Leicester Asylum; during the snowstorm the horse walked into a deep ditch by the roadside, and Allsopp died from exposure, both bodies being found in the dyke. A correspondent at Market Harborough, in Leicester, Mr. E. Kennard, sends a sketch of the scene there on Feb. 15, when a number of men were at work clearing the road from that town to Kettering, on which the snow lay in some places seven feet deep.

At the request of the Mayoress of Folkestone, the Corporation will commemorate the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales by giving a tea to 1000 poor children on March 10. The subscription-list for this purpose is being liberally added to.



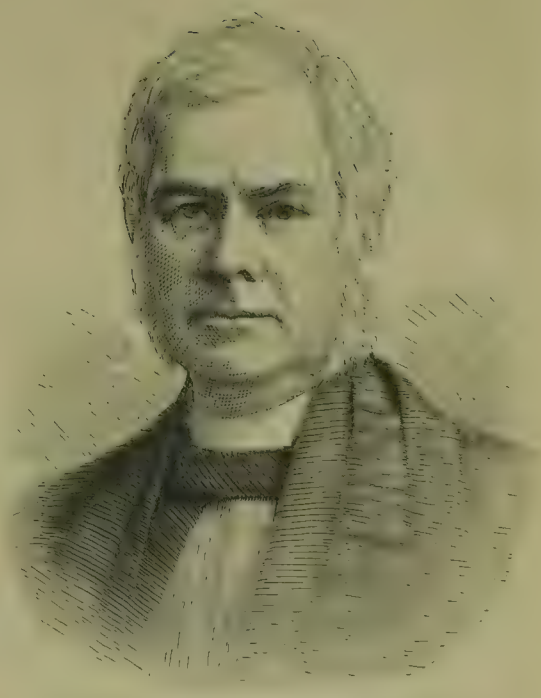
PROGRESS OF THE WORKS OF THE TOWER BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.



THE LATE MR. WALSH, "STONEHENGE,"
EDITOR OF THE "FIELD."



THE LATE COUNTESS OLGA MÜNSTER.



THE RIGHT REV. WALSHAM HOW, D.D.,
THE FIRST BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

THE LATE COUNTESS OLGA MÜNSTER.

The death of this lady, at Cannes, on Feb. 3, is much regretted. She was the youngest daughter of Count Münster, formerly German Ambassador at the Court of Queen Victoria, and now Ambassador to the French Republic, by Lady Harriet Elizabeth St. Clair Erskine, daughter of James Alexander, third Earl of Rosslyn, and sister of the present Earl. Countess Olga was well known to English society, having, with her sister Countess Marie, assisted in the hospitalities of the German Embassy during her father's residence here as Ambassador.

The Lord Mayor distributed, on Feb. 18, at the Guildhall, the certificates of merit gained by the successful students of the Volunteer ambulance classes.

The Newspaper Press Fund has received a legacy of £100, which was bequeathed to it by the late Mr. George Godwin. It has also recently received from Mr. Joseph Sebag Montefiore the nomination to the occupancy of one of six model cottages which that gentleman is now erecting for benevolent purposes at Ramsgate. Mr. W. Thornton Sharp has been elected secretary, in the room of the late Mr. John Byrne.

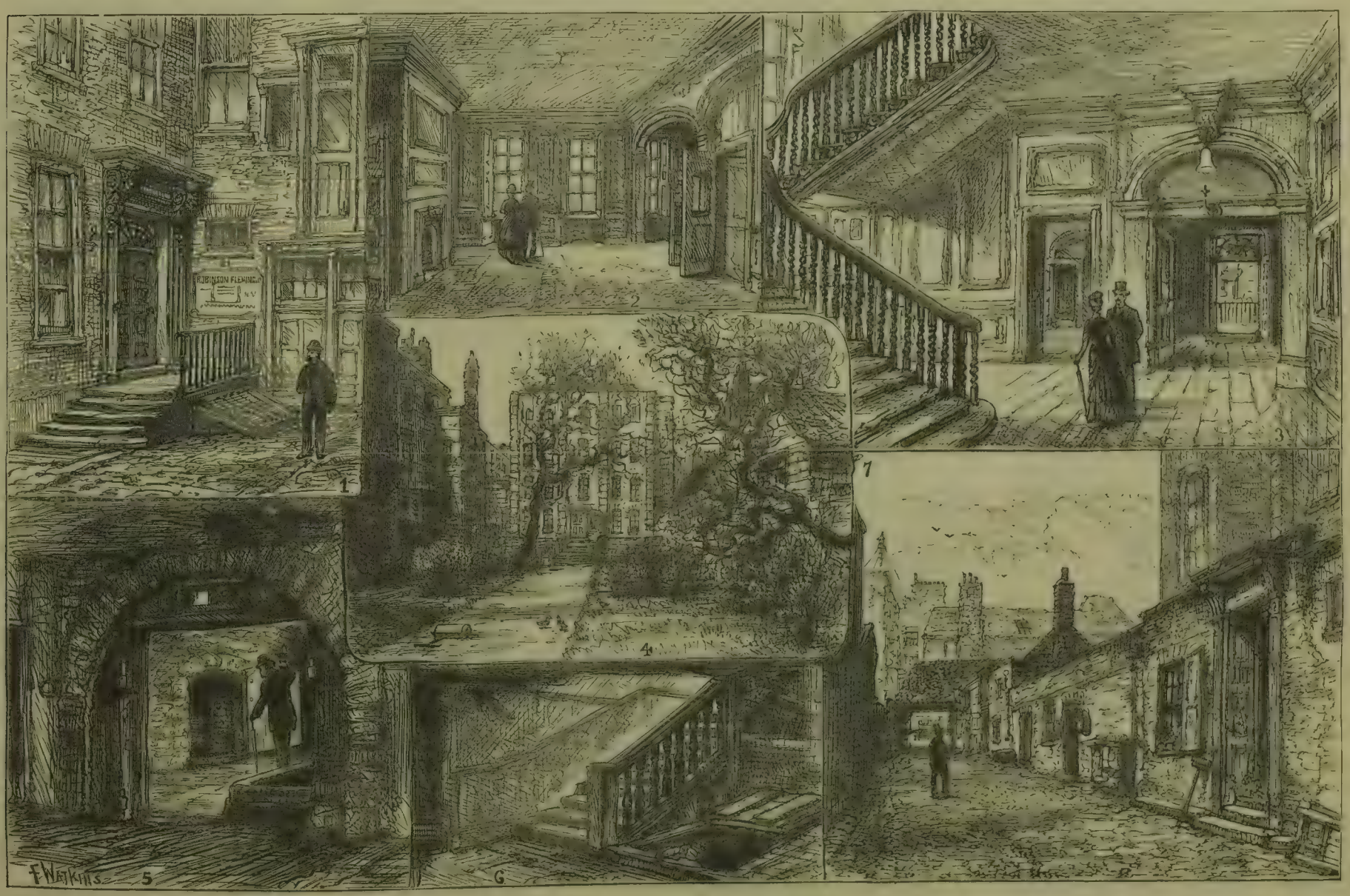
THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

The Right Rev. William Walsham How, D.D., late Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, who is made the first Bishop of the newly-constituted see of Wakefield, was born in 1823, at Shrewsbury. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Wadham College, Oxford, where he took his degree in classical honours (third class) in 1845. He was successively Curate at Kidderminster and Shrewsbury, and Rector of Whittington, Shropshire. In 1853 he was appointed Rural Dean of Oswestry and Diocesan Inspector of Schools. In 1860 he obtained an Honorary Canonry in St. Asaph's Cathedral, and in 1869 was elected Proctor in Convocation for the diocese. In the same year he was one of the select preachers at Oxford, and later was appointed examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield. In 1879 he was presented to the living of St. Andrew Undershaft with St. Mary Axe, in the City, and to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. Later in the same year he was consecrated Bishop of Bedford, as suffragan to the Bishop of London. His work has since been in the East of London. He has published a number of theological works, including "Plain Words," in four series, "Practical Sermons," "Lent Lectures," "Daily Family Prayer," "Pastor in Parochiâ," "The Evening Psalter," "Plain Words to Children," "The Parish Priest," "Cambridge Pastoral Lectures," "Words of Good Cheer," "Poems," "Revision of the Rubrics," "Holy Communion," "A Commentary on the Four Gospels," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

THE LATE MR. J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S.

This gentleman, who was editor of the *Field*, and wrote, under the name of "Stonehenge," much that was valuable concerning field sports and domestic animals, died a fortnight ago. He was born in 1810, and educated at a private school. He practised as a medical man in Worcestershire until 1852. He settled in London in 1855, when he wrote some articles, published in the same year in book form, on "The Greyhound"; shortly afterwards, "British Rural Sports" appeared, and was followed by the "Horse in the Stable and the Field," and the "Shot Gun v. Rifle." Mr. Walsh was in 1857 selected by the late Serjeant Cox, the proprietor of the *Field*, to be editor of that journal. He also published works on "Domestic Economy" and "Domestic Medicine"; the "Dog in Health and Disease"; the "Dogs of the British Islands," which passed through several editions; and the "Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle." He was, perhaps, best known as the author of "British Rural Sports," of which fifteen editions have been issued.

The Bishop of London on Feb. 18 consecrated the new church of St. Saviour, Hanley-road, Crouch-hill.



1. Entrance, 21, Austin-friars. 2. Private Office on Ground Floor. 3. Staircase. 4. View of House from the Garden. 5. Entrance to the Safe. 6. The Well. 7. The Stables.

OLD HOUSE TO BE DEMOLISHED IN AUSTIN-FRIARS.

TERRIBLE NEWS!

The scene depicted by the Artist in the Tinted Engraving presented for our Extra Supplement may be supposed to take place in a rustic village, of Kent or Sussex or Hampshire, if you please, at a time when the British Army has gone out on the war-path, and the newspaper just delivered to a customer at the post-office contains the report of a battle, with many soldiers killed or wounded. The faces of the readers and hearers of this startling intelligence are very expressive of the various kinds and degrees of emotion with which it would be likely to affect them. In the man who holds the paper, and who may have a brother or friend in the Army, a certain amount of pride at the gallantry of his countrymen, or at the victory they have gained, is manifestly visible; but the young girl at his side is overcome with sorrow and pity for those who have fallen. The older man, apparently the clergyman, looking through his spectacles at the column of telegrams from the seat of war, controls his feelings, but is not indifferent to the news, in which there is certainly an ingredient of sadness. An old shepherd, who has a son in one of the regiments engaged, listens to their comments with a melancholy air; and we see behind the group an anxious woman's face, that of a mother who dreads to learn the fate of her own Tommy Atkins, fearing that every fight will be his last.

A new life-boat, possessing all the latest improvements, has been sent to Brighton by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to take the place of one stationed there many years since. It is 34 ft. long, 7½ ft. wide, rows ten oars double banked, is fitted to carry water ballast, and has all the other characteristics of the boats of the institution in the way of self-righting, self-ejecting water, &c. It was launched successfully on Feb. 14. The cost of the new life-boat, with its transporting and landing carriage and equipment, has been defrayed by Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Warrington; and, in accordance with the wishes of the donors, the boat is named "Sunlight, No. 2." The first life-boat given by the firm is stationed at Llandudno.

A peerage has been conferred on Sir Henry Holland, Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is stated that he will take the title of Baron Knutsford.

Earl and Countess Stanhope entertained the Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal and Mdlle. De Staal, with several of the nobility, at dinner on Feb. 28 at their residence in Grosvenor-place.

The fourth ordinary meeting of the present season of the Royal Statistical Society was held at the Royal School of Mines on Feb. 21, when a paper was read on "Some Canadian Railway and Commercial Statistics," by Mr. J. G. Colmer

The life-boat which was exhibited in the Lord Mayor's procession last November has been bought by subscriptions from licensed victuallers, and the amount (£700) handed over to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

MARRIAGES.

On Feb. 9, at St. Stephen's Church, Delhi, by the uncle of the bride, Joseph Samuel Sandys, M.A., Chaplain of Dagshai, North India, to Lucy, eldest daughter of J. N. Winter, Esq., M.R.C.S., Brighton.

On Feb. 21, at All Souls', Langham-place, by the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, Robert Wilfrid Graham, to Anna Maria, widow of the late Gordon Mackenzie.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

AN OLD HOUSE IN AUSTIN-FRIARS.

The old house, No. 21, Austin-Friars, lately occupied by Messrs. Robinson, Fleming, and Co., now being demolished, was built, probably between 1660 and 1670, on ground anciently part of the garden of the priory of the St. Augustine monks. The priory was confiscated by Henry VIII. and presented to the Earl of Winchester and others; but the garden remained. The house was a large and substantial building, lined with solid wainscotting, and its staircases were handsome, carved with curious antique designs. The garden and all the original offices, the counting-house, the yard, the coach-house and stables, the bake-house, even the old well and pump, remained as when the house was built. The owner was Mr. John Fleming, whose title to the premises, dating from before the year 1690, is derived from Mr. Hermann Olmius, a Dutch merchant, who resided in the house. His heirs leased it to Mr. Minet, whose name appears in the London Directory of 1788 as a merchant and banker. Mr. Minet had extensive dealings with the Continent, and is reported to have been the confidential banker of Napoleon I. There was a special strong room in the basement of the house, which is supposed to have been used for the purpose of concealing secret valuables. The next tenants were the mercantile firm of Thomas, Son, and Lefevre. For the last thirty or forty years it has been in the occupation of the firm of Robinson, Fleming, and Co.

The Merchant Taylors' Company have voted 10 gs., and the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P., has given £20., to the Parkes Museum, Margaret-street, to aid in its work of practical teaching and demonstrating sanitary science.—On March 7 Dr. G. Sims Woodhead will lecture on "Milk and Disease."

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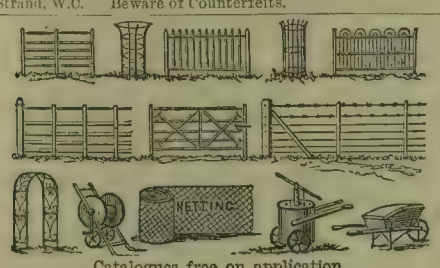


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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IX.

"Marie Hamilton to the Kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breist:
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listened to the priest.

"Marie Hamilton to the Kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair:
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than onie that were there.

"Marie Hamilton to the Kirk is gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands:
And the King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands."

It was hard that such a perfect night should be succeeded by a wild and blustering morning; the rain was rattling on our house-roof; there was a wail of wind through the swaying and dripping bushes and trees. In the midst of all this turmoil, Captain Columbus suddenly makes his appearance, emerging from the vague regions of unknown space; and, with serious aspect, he informs us that we cannot go any further at present. The authorities, it appears, lock the canal-gates every second Sunday—perhaps with a view of forcing on the floating population at least a chance of going to church: and it is this second Sunday we happen to have hit on. Queen Tita, of course, is far from being disappointed. She highly approves of stopping the traffic every second Sunday; and doubtless would have the regulation extended to every Sunday, if she had the power. And as for our own nondescript crew, she distinctly objects to having them labour on the day of rest.

"I quite agree with you," says Jack Duncombe (he generally does agree with her, for reasons of his own). "The seventh day's rest is good for everybody all round. I remember, one night at dinner, a young parson was going on about the necessity of Sunday as an institution, and one of the girls of the house said, 'Yes, of course; if it wasn't for Sunday, how should we ever find the missing tennis-balls?' But I wonder what we are to do here?"

"Can't we go to church?" says Miss Peggy, ingenuously. "If we were to find a road, and keep to it, we should be sure to come to a church somewhere."

It turned out, however, that this search for a simple rustic service did not seem to commend itself to Mrs. Threepenny-bit, whose sympathies rather incline to cathedral aisles, and mystic-hued windows, and the hushed, clear singing of an invisible choir: besides which, she detests, as a cat would, walking along muddy roads. Indeed, we had just begun to think of settling down to a hopelessly idle day, when Captain Columbus again presented himself, and with far more alarming news—in fact, he had become a kind of stormy petrel on this wild morning. The latest piece of intelligence was that the local experts (where did he find any in this solitary district?) were of opinion that it was quite impracticable for us to get our boat under a certain small bridge a little way further along. Of course this was a contingency to be faced, and at once. If the information was correct, it meant our immediate return to Oxford, and a stay there of probably a week, while the Nameless Barge was having two or three inches taken off the height of her house. Accordingly, orders were given that, without waiting to send for the horse, they should themselves haul the boat along to this alleged obstruction, that we might know our fate forthwith.

In a venerable book of jests, the title of which the present writer has forgotten, there is a story told of a Dutch toll-keeper who dreamed a dream of the Day of Judgment, himself and his neighbours being summoned to give an account of themselves, and then being sent to the left hand among the goats, or to the right hand among the sheep, as their merits deserved. Several of his fellow toll-keepers having been sent among the goats for their iniquitous exactions, Jacob Schmæven, somewhat after this fashion, relates what happened to himself: "Then the Lord said to me, 'Stand before me, Schmæven. Schmæven, you take too much toll.' 'Yes, Lord,' I said, 'I take too much toll—but from the rich people only, and not from the poor.' Then the Lord said, 'Friend Schmæven, you may go to the right hand among the sheep—but let me tell you it is a tam tight squeeze!'" We found the phrase most appositely descriptive of our passage under this wretched little bridge. Such pushing, and hauling, and canting, and righting there was!—and all the while flying showers were driving past; and the wind was whistling through the trees, and drawing out the branches of the willows like long streamers of witches' hair, and the silver-grey breadths of water in the meadows were darkened to a leaden hue as the successive gusts bore heavily down upon them. But through the bridge we eventually did get; and, as further progress was impossible for that day, we allowed Captain Columbus and the Horse-Marine to go back to Oxford, if they should be lucky enough to strike a railway station somewhere; and when they were gone away—having been intrusted by Murdoch with sundry commissions, chiefly on account of breakage—we were once more left to ourselves in this remote and rain-beaten region.

Suddenly, through the chaos of sounds without, there came another—the faint and distant tolling of a bell. Miss Peggy quickly looked up from her writing.

"Mr. Duncombe, there must be a church somewhere not so far away. Don't you think we could find it?"

"Certainly," said he, with the greatest alacrity—for these two had never had an excursion together before. "If you will put on thick boots and a waterproof, I will undertake to find out where the church is."

"In a moment, then, when I have finished my letter," said she; and presently she had gone away to get ready.

And then the extraordinary care that had to be taken of her, and the precautions, and the anxious advice, when she returned to the saloon! You would have thought she was made of Venetian spun glass, or Genoese pastry, or Sèvres china, by the way he went on. Was she quite sure that her boots were thick-soled? Her waterproof ought certainly to have been three inches longer: wouldn't she try whether she could wear his, and he would take his ulster? Well, if she didn't care to do that, hadn't she some smaller bonnet that would allow the hood to come well over, so as to be strapped down round her ears? At the next big town we should reach, he said, he would get her a deer-stalker's cap, and show her how admirably that fitted into the hood of a waterproof, to keep the wind from whistling about her head. Would she entrust him with a spare pair of gloves, that he could give her on reaching the church porch, and then her hands wouldn't feel damp and miserable during the service? To one of us it appeared pretty certain that this was not the first time Mr. Jack Duncombe had ministered to a young lady's comfort; but anyhow Miss Peggy was apparently very grateful to him—though once or twice there was a look in her eyes that seemed to say she was a little bit amused by his assiduous care of her. Then these two set forth from the ark to see whether they could find any resting-place for the soles of their feet.

While our young friends were away, the loneliness of our situation was naturally intensified; our sole companions were the speedwells and daisies and forget-me-nots along the bank, and the swaying willows and flooded meadows beyond. Oddly enough, though the weather brightened up from time to time, there was not a bird singing anywhere; whereas, along the Thames, whenever a shower ceased, there was a burst of music filling all the air. In what various functions of reading and letter-writing we passed that morning needs not to be described; but when at length we heard voices without, and presently beheld Miss Peggy's bright and smiling face at the door of the saloon, it cannot truthfully be said that the interruption was unwelcome.



The two rustics stolidly stared at the spot where the stone had sunk.

She had come back in excellent spirits, after the buffeting the rain and wind had given her; and all during luncheon she was very talkative and merry, while her eyes were sometimes quicker than her words in flashing out her meaning, or showing that she was alive to everything that was going on, whether in jest or earnest. It was the first time she had been in a small village church in this country.

"For one thing," she said, "I am glad to find that the Horse-Marine wasn't making fun of me yesterday. I was watching what they were doing on the bank; and he was talking to Columbus, and he said something about going 'right back into the ta-own.' Well, I thought it wasn't very civil of him to mock my Yankee pronunciation before my very face; and I said to myself that I would have it out with the young man before he was many days older. But this morning in church I found I had been mistaken. I heard the children in the choir say as plainly as possible—'Glory be to the Father, and ta o the Son'; and I came to the conclusion that the Horse-Marine hadn't been mocking me at all."

"Of course he hadn't," one says to her. "If only you keep your ears open you'll hear plenty of American pronunciation and plenty of what are called Americanisms as you go through these country districts. Perhaps you didn't notice how Columbus greeted his acquaintances on the barges last night?—'How do?' he said to each one of them. And as we were coming away from the lock, when he nodded good-bye to a friend he had been talking to, he said 'So long!' Both these are supposed to be Americanisms, aren't they?"

"It's very hard," says Peggy, reflectively, "that I am not allowed to use the least little bit of American slang—it is so clever sometimes, and means such a lot. Any English girl I meet may use those smart little phrases, when she is among her own friends, and everybody understands she only does it for fun"——

"And why may not you?"

"Because if I did, people would say American girls ordinarily talked like that."

"People would say? What people?"

"The English people," answers Miss Peggy, simply.

"You may believe this, that the English people are no such microcephalous jackasses. Why, our Bell is quite delighted when she gets hold of another Western-ism; but of course that is amongst ourselves: she doesn't trumpet her newly-acquired knowledge from the housetops."

All the same Miss Peggy shakes her head.

"People are so stupid," she says; "and I have the credit of my country to keep up."

"Then please don't consider us as people," one says to her finally; "and talk in any way you like so long as you are on board this boat. It isn't in neighbourhoods like this, surely, that you need be afraid of what people will say!"

In wet weather, and during the day-time, we had agreed that there should be no smoking in the saloon; so presently two of us found ourselves outside, in the stern-sheets, where

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there was some kind of shelter from the driving wind and drizzle.

"Do you know, that is a remarkably nice girl!" says our young dramatist, with sudden emphasis, as soon as we are shut out of hearing.

"Indeed!"

"She is, really. She has been telling me all about herself this morning, and about her family; and I seem to know the whole lot, and all her surroundings. Of course, on a boating expedition of this kind you get to understand people so



Mr. Algernon A'Becket.

much better. A single day's constant companionship makes you better acquainted than a hundred chance meetings during a London season"—

"Yes. I have heard young people say that before, on board a yacht. It was generally when the girl was good-looking that this intimate acquaintance was insisted on."

"Oh, it isn't only that she is pretty," observes the young man, ingenuously. "I call her uncommonly clever. She isn't a fool, by any means. Oh, no. I tell you, you have to be on your guard; she knows more than you think."

"She knows more about *you* than you think," is one's inward comment; but our young friend continues—

"She puzzled me this morning, though, for a bit. You remember she was writing a letter before we went out."

"I believe she was."

"Well, as we were going along she asked me if we were likely to come across a post-office. I said I didn't know: but that at any rate we could get the letter posted for her to-morrow morning. She said that wouldn't do at all; she must post it herself; it was a compact she had made before leaving America that she should write every Sunday, and post the letter with her own hand. Of course, I jumped to the natural conclusion. Indeed, I reflected that a bright and attractive girl like that was sure to be engaged—though I had never heard any of you speak of it. I can't say that I was particularly disappointed: it was none of my business; still, you know, you rather prefer to fancy that the girl you're talking to is quite heart-whole."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes; you don't want to imagine that all the time she is listening to you she is in reality thinking of some beast of a man somewhere else. However, it was no business of mine; no; I rather hoped she would tell me something about him, as she had been telling me so much about her people. Fact is, I looked upon myself as rather a generous and noble-hearted personage—resolved to find out a post-office so that a letter might be sent away to some idiot of a fellow in New York. But, after all, it was for her sister."

"Really!"

"Yes. Her sister Emily. She's at school at Brooklyn. She is only fourteen; but tall for her age; and these two are great chums; and when Miss Rosslyn left America, each of them promised to write to the other every Sunday, and post the letter with her own hand"——

"No matter whether the post-offices were open or not."

"Oh, I got the people to take it—I managed that," says the young man, complacently; then he continues his garrulous talk, all upon one subject: "I wonder if her own countrymen would quite like to hear the way she speaks about England and the people over here. She is not ungrateful for kindness, that is one thing certain; and she doesn't conceal her opinon about the exalted merits and virtues of her friends. And isn't she frank, too, about the circumstances of her family? Well, she found that I knew part of her story before, and so she spoke freely enough. I rather fancy her father may have kept her abroad all this while in order to see whether he couldn't pull round a little, and make it easier for her to bear the change when she goes back. Not that it would matter much to her, judging by the way she talks; she is very sensible about it; and you can see how simply and inexpensively she dresses, though she is always particularly neat. Just imagine the situation of these two partners out there—companions from boyhood almost, and then associated in business most of their lives; and suddenly the one is beggared, while the other remains a man of wealth. Fortunately, from what I can gather, the collapse of Mr. Rosslyn's speculations hasn't affected the credit of the firm: the other partner is known to be a solid man; so that the Rosslyn family should, in course of time, get fairly right again, if they can't be as rich as they were. I don't know why she should have told me so much—well, I was asking her, if she was so fond of England, why she didn't stay here altogether, and then she began and told me how they were all situated at home, when once she discovered that I had got most of the story from you."

"You must have employed your time diligently, both going and coming."

"We did not hurry back, you know."

"You did not. You kept luncheon half an hour late."

"Well, she is really a very interesting girl," he says, by way of apology.

"As an ethnological curiosity, yes. I understood your interest in her to be purely scientific. Have you discovered any racial peculiarities yet?"

"I believe the wet weather has got at my cigars; this is a perfect brute," he says, knitting his brows. "Oh, as to the probable origin of her family? Well, that is of little consequence. The girl herself is sufficiently attractive—when you get to understand how she is situated—and how she regards things, and her opinions, and so forth"——

"What kind of a clergyman did you find there this morning?"

"Oh, the usual kind. Her sister Emily is extraordinarily fond of her, and will hardly let any of the others go near her when she is at home. It is the Emily one who is considered to be the beauty of the family; so I suppose she must be something to look at, rather!"

"Do you think Miss Rosslyn so pretty, then?"

"Why, don't you?" he says, with an innocent air of surprise.

"That is neither here nor there. Did you have a good sermon this morning?"

"Yes, good enough, I dare say. You know Miss Rosslyn's waterproof isn't as efficient as it ought to be; and all we could do we couldn't get the hood to keep properly up. The consequence was that she got her hair pretty well wet and blown about; and although she stopped in the porch and tried to dry it a little with her handkerchief, it was considerably bedraggled as she was sitting in the pew. And, do you know, it really looked prettier than ever; there were dark and light strands in it—some almost golden, and some a beautiful brown: really, it was quite pretty to look at."

"You seem to have been much edified by this morning's service," one remarks, in a casual kind of way.

"But, I say," continues young Shakespeare, "you don't actually mean that there is a chance of that pretentious prig, A'Becket coming along? He isn't a friend of yours, is he?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Then why should he tack himself on to a small private party, such as we make at present?" demanded the young man, rather indignantly.

"Why? Well; when you are introduced to anyone at a friend's house, and he chooses to make himself agreeable to the women of your party, and proposes to favour them with a visit, what are you to do? That is their look-out. And, besides, they can't very well say 'Not at home' if he comes along a canal-bank and finds them in a boat. They will have to be civil to him. Perhaps their youthful minds are impressed by the fame of so great a man"——

"A great man! I consider him as bad a specimen as I ever saw of the pedantic and conceited schoolmaster! And then he is so hideously ugly!"

"But don't you think there is something pathetic in the worship of beauty when you find it in a rather ill-favoured person? Don't you think that our guest of this evening"——

"He isn't really coming, is he?"

"He said he would try to find us out. And don't you think that, by way of compensation for Nature having given him an unwholesome complexion and green eyes, don't you think he should be allowed a few minutes' worship at the shrine? Supposing that he, too, should find the strands of gold and brown in Miss Peggy's hair rather pretty?"

"Well," says the young man, somewhat gloomily, "it is not for me to say anything, because I am here merely as an invited guest, as he will be if he comes this evening. But I can't help thinking it considerably cheeky of a stranger, or semi-stranger, to thrust himself on a party away on an expedition of this kind."

"To cheer our loneliness, my young friend!"

"He might know we would rather be by ourselves."

"You may be of that opinion; and so may I; but women may be glad of a little gaiety—a little alien admiration even"—

"Gaiety! His ugly mug would turn beer sour!" exclaims this impetuous boy.

Well; it began to clear up in the afternoon, and soon the word was passed round to prepare for an exploration of this neighbourhood in which we had been held captive. And perhaps it was as a make-up for the possible interference of the Scholiast in the evening that Jack Duncombe now assumed sole charge and management of Miss Rosslyn; and our pretty Miss Peggy received these little attentions with much gracious complaisance. Moreover, as these two had discovered a church in the morning, they were allowed to lead the way; and in the warmer light now beginning to stream over from the west, we patiently followed them along the canal-bank, and into a pathway through some fields, until we actually came in sight of a house—a farm-house it was—and near it was a little church, and also a parsonage, and similar evidences that there were people in the world besides ourselves. But we could see no one to tell us the name of the place; nor do we know it until this day. A winding and miry lane took us back to the canal, which, with its wooded banks and rows of poplars, looked quite river-like; and as the walking here was preferable to that of the country roads, we held on our way, with the westering light growing ever more and more golden, and gleaming on the scarcely-stirring, wet foliage all around. And still these two kept on ahead; and, indeed, we were paying but little attention to them—talking, as we were on this calm evening of friends very far away; until Mrs. Threepenny-bit, happening to glance forward, laughed a little.

"Mr. Duncombe's devotion," she said, "is becoming quite remarkable. One would almost think it was serious. Of course, it can't be serious, because—well; because they don't know each other at all"

"Oh! don't they? I assure you they know each other very well indeed," one answers, "if his confidences have been like hers. Oh, yes; it is wonderful how intimate you may become with a young lady if you are interested about herself and her family, and if you have a memory for details. Emily is only fourteen, it is true; but she is tall for her age, and she and Miss Rosslyn are great companions. Emily is at school in Brooklyn. She writes to her sister, and her sister writes to her, every Sunday; and the letter is to be posted by the writer's own hand. Emily is so fond of her sister she will hardly let the others go near her when she is at home. Miss Rosslyn's hair got wet to-day, and she tried to dry it in the porch, but couldn't entirely, and it looked very pretty as she was sitting in the pew. Miss Rosslyn is grateful for kindness. Miss Rosslyn likes the people she has met over here. If Miss Rosslyn's opinion of England and the English were known on the other side, America would howl with rage, and rend the stars and stripes, and sit in sackcloth and ashes. Miss Rosslyn is quite frank about her circumstances, and has the merit of dressing inexpensively"——

"You seem to have heard a good deal about Peggy to-day."

"I had a fair dose."

"Of course the subject wasn't interesting to *you*."

"Madam, all human beings are interesting to me."

"Yes; but you prefer to study those that have pretty eyes, and that will go away with you for long walks along the shore when everybody else on board the yacht is busy packing."

"I don't know to whom you are referring"——

"I should think not; the list is too long."

"And I don't remember the circumstances; but I can perceive that there may have been an occasion on which considerate people kept themselves out of the way so as to let others get forward with their business."

"And the considerate people—what was their business? English history, I suppose! Well," she adds, with another glance at the couple ahead of us, and with an odd smile on her face, "if Mr. Duncombe is only amusing himself with Peggy, he'd better look out. Of course it doesn't matter to her whether he is serious or not; she can always have plenty of suitors—if she is so foolish as to think of marrying; but if he fancies that he can make-believe without Peggy seeing through it all, it's little he understands about her. If he doesn't mind, Mr. Duncombe will get *what for*, as your friends in Scotland say."

"You want to know whether he is serious? I'm sure I can't tell you. But I hope we shall hear no more about Emily; for although she is only fourteen, and tall for her age, and writes every Sunday, one doesn't seem to be deeply concerned about her."

"Why, I have got Emily's portrait at home—Peggy gave it me ever so long ago!" she says; for no earthly reason but to place herself, as regards Peggy, on a footing superior to that of the young man, who only heard of the brat of a school-girl this very morning.

To think we should have been looking on England as rather a sparsely-populated country! Why, we had three visitors that evening! Two of them, whom we found on the bank when we returned to the boat, were of rustic mould, and in stolid silence, and with calm, immovable gaze they contemplated the strange object that had invaded these solitudes. They made no remark; their eyes wandered not; they merely stood there and stared, and stared, and stared, as fished the famous fisher of Sunburie. And perhaps it was to prevent their being hopelessly mesmerised that young Duncombe now proceeded to act in a way quite sufficient to arouse anybody's attention—in fact, we ourselves began to wonder whether he had suddenly grown insane. During the latter part of our afternoon stroll he had been looking everywhere about for a big stone; and, having found one, he brought it along to the boat. Now, with a dark resolve visible on his face, he attached a piece of cord to the stone; and then he went into the saloon and came out again with a slim volume in his hand, not a word being uttered the while. The volume we recognised as a little monograph on Coleridge that we had seen lying about; but we knew it by its outside only; consequently we were quite unaware that this piece of criticism, or whatever else it might be, was of a nature to awaken rage. Nevertheless, and with a desperate malignity, Jack Duncombe proceeded to tie the harmless little book to the big stone.

"Fancy," we overheard him say, "fancy setting a rat-minded creature like that to balance and measure and estimate the genius of Coleridge! They might as well set a thieves' lawyer to expound the Book of Revelation!"

Forthwith he lifted stone and book together, and heaved there was a mighty splash, and a series of widening ripples, then slowly the surface of the stream became tranquil again. The two rustics stolidly stared at the spot where the stone had sunk. Then they stared at Jack Duncombe. Then they resumed their staring—at the boat, at the windows, the gunwale, the tiller, the roof, the anchor at the bow. And never a word they spoke. We left them staring.

Our third visitor—to Jack Duncombe's obvious discomfiture—was no other than Mr. Algernon A'Becket, who



arrived some little time before dinner, and was in high glee over his success in discovering our whereabouts. Indeed, he was quite hilarious,-notwithstanding that his trousers looked rather damp; and as he confessed that after his multifarious adventures of the afternoon he was just a little bit hungry, Murdoch was bidden to make speed, while the women-folk began to light the lamps and candles in order to brighten up the saloon. Jack Duncombe, of course, would take no part in the entertainment of this new guest; but Mr. A'Becket

seemed capable of making himself at home without much trouble; and Mrs. Threepenny-bit and her young American friend, as they were laying the cloth, and otherwise getting matters made easy for Murdoch, were very courteous and complaisant towards him, the while he recounted his victorious triumph over all obstacles and difficulties.

"And how are you to get back, Mr. A'Becket?" his hostess said to him, not unnaturally. "I wish we could offer you a berth"——

"Not at all—not at all!" he answered, with abundant cheerfulness. "I know precisely where I am now"——

"I am sure that is more than we do," she observed, rather ruefully.

"And you know I was anxious to see how you looked *en voyage*," he continued, with a well-satisfied glance all round; "and really nothing could be more snug and delightful. How strange it must be to feel yourselves so entirely isolated—a small party all by yourselves, and wandering away into these out-of-the-world places—really, it makes one a little envious."

Jack Duncombe glared: was the man actually begging for an invitation?

And at dinner, too, Mr. A'Becket seemed quite content so long as he could address himself to the two women, Jack Duncombe rarely interfering, except when there was a chance of his posing as Miss Peggy's natural ally and champion. Indeed, the younger man strove to appear in that light whenever occasion offered; and seemed ready to sacrifice the most sacred institutions of his native land for the mere sake of taking her part. For example, our Oxford friend was talking about the irreverence for antiquity commonly attributed to the American people (there was not much of that quality about Peggy, anyway); and said he had once heard an American declare that Squattersville, Nebraska, was of more value to the world than Westminster Abbey; because Squattersville was full of living men, wh reas Westminster Abbey was full of dead ones. Whereupon, Miss Peggy said—sensibly and modestly enough, as we thought,

"Well, sometimes our people at home say things like that, but they don't believe them. They think it clever to startle you, that is all. If a man were seriously to say anything of that kind in a company of educated Americans, he would be looked on as if he were a baboon escaped from a cage."

That ought to have been enough. But it wasn't enough for Jack Duncombe. Oh, dear, no. Something must be said on behalf of Miss Peggy's countrymen. Miss Peggy herself was not to be crushed by the dread might and majesty of Westminster Abbey.

"After all," said this reckless young man, "if you walk through Westminster Abbey, and impartially look at the names of the people they have put there, you 'll come to the conclusion that in former days it was pretty easy to get in. They must have been hard put to it to get a fair show of distinguished men, for the number of nobodies and duffers is perfectly awful. Look at John Philips. Did you ever hear of John Philips?"

Our learned friend from Oxford, being thus directly challenged, had to confess his ignorance of the enshrined John Philips.

"Well, he was a writer of comic verses—at least, I believe they are considered to be comic," the younger man continued, with superfluous scorn. "I know this—I could get you twenty living writers who could do infinitely better verses: indeed, if John Philips were alive now, there is one place where you would *not* find him, and that is at the *Punch* weekly dinner."

Mr. A'Becket turned to Miss Peggy, and said to her, with a smile,

"Your countryman whom I heard make that remark is said to be worth thirty million dollars."

"He isn't worth consideration," she answered, with a kind of audacious petulance: and there the subject dropped.

Now, nothing but the most despicable jealousy could have refused to admit that our visitor did his very best to make himself amiable and amusing. It is true that he was a little too much given to the formulating of opinions on matters small and great; and that is a weariness to the flesh; but on these opinions he did not insist over much. It was almost pathetic, indeed, to see this person, of cadaverous complexion, and somewhat too obvious front teeth, striving so hard to win, by the display of his intellectual fascinations, a smile from the eyes of Beauty. He succeeded, too. Miss Peggy was very good to him - doubtless merely because he was our guest, and she was bound to be civil. If he had encountered unheard-of perils in his wild pursuit of us, surely now he was reaping his reward. And yet there was a skilful touch of respect in her manner towards him. She seemed impressed by his authority; even when she was most amused, there was a sort of pleased submission in her look. Of course, before this stranger she was decorum itself. She played the properly-conducted young lady to perfection. One began to fear that she was doing it only too well; and that in the ingenuous mind of Jack Duncombe there might be planted the first baleful seeds of suspicion.

But you should have heard how that young man broke forth when our guest—somewhat reluctantly, as it seemed—had to leave us to find his way across country to some railway-station that he named. You would have thought that this harmless freak on the part of an Oxford Don, instead of being in its way a kind of compliment, was really a gross invasion of one's inalienable natural rights. If we wished to be by ourselves, why should we not be allowed to be by ourselves? Mr. Jack Duncombe made much use of that word "ourselves." He seemed to like it somehow. Throughout his remonstrances there appeared to run the assumption that we four had cut ourselves off from the world, and were to spend a nomadic existence together for the rest of our lives. And then the inturiate scorn which he dealt out to pedants and their insufferable airs.

"I propose," said he, in his reckless fashion, "that we should give up our leisure time on this trip to the composition of a great and learned work—just to show what we can do. Will you join, Miss Rosslyn?"

"Oh, yes," says the young lady, with calm effrontery. "What is it to be about?"

"Oh, anything will serve to show off with. We must make it imposing. The square of the hypothenuse, if you like."

"That would be very interesting," she observes, with much complacency. "Of course you will begin with a description of the square—I mean, the square in which the Hypothenuse lives?"

"Certainly," he answers, "catching on" with alacrity. "Then we come to the habits of the Hypothenuse—his time of getting up and going into the city."

"I would have something more romantic than that," Miss Peggy says, thoughtfully. "If he lives in a square, there must be people opposite. One of them might be a young lady"——

"Yes, undoubtedly; but she is rather an unknown quantity yet—we will call her *x* until we can settle more about her. She is living with her Uncle Rhomboid"——

"And the Hypothenuse has the greatest difficulty in meeting with her," she continues.

"The gardens in the square would be a good place: I suppose the Hypothenuse would have a key?"

"Naturally. But then again Aunt Parallelogram distinctly approves of the match; and is going to leave all her money to *x*. Would you make the Hypothenuse rich or poor?"

So these two young idiots went on; one of them apparently taking a grim delight in thus revenging himself (as he considered) for the intrusion of a stranger among "ourselves." There was no other thought for the hapless Scholiast making his way along darkened roads to wait for the last train in some solitary little railway-station. Here the lights were burning clear; and there were cigars and things; and these light-hearted young folk knew they were now safe from all interference: with aimless merriment, and bandied words, and laughing glances to fill full every glad and precious minute. Moreover, to-morrow we should resume our voyage, and be off into the unknown. It was all very well for this prying collegian to ferret us out when we were within measureable distance of Oxford town; but soon we should be away in remoter wilds, with all communications cut, except such as we chose should remain open. And where would the long-coated metaphysician be then? Jack Duncombe and his bright-eyed neighbour eagerly followed up this subject of the Hypothenuse; and turned it outside, and inside, and topsy-turvy; until they had got a quite blood-curdling series of adventures to relate; and all the while Miss Peggy's smiling looks and dimpled cheek seemed to show that she was enjoying this careless gaiety, after the constraint and propriety conduct of the previous part of the evening; and the young man who was her aider and abettor in the rambling nonsense made no secret of his satisfaction that we were once more entirely "by ourselves."

(To be continued.)

ACROSS TWO OCEANS.

THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, left England on Dec. 15, by the Royal Mail steam-ship Moselle, from Southampton, for the West Indies and Panama, in order to visit several places on the Pacific Ocean coast of America, and thence to proceed to the Australasian British colonies. We expect to be furnished by him, during the next few months, with many interesting Sketches of those parts of the world, to which public attention is becoming much directed by impending changes in the main route of commerce, and by the opening of more frequent communications with the shores on the further side of the Western Continent. His voyage from Southampton to Barbadoes is illustrated by the sketches now presented to the reader, which are, indeed, those of ordinary experiences on board the steam-ships of that line, and familiar to many who have been passengers by it, yet may be amusing to them, as well as to other people.

Leaving Southampton Docks, and proceeding slowly down to an anchorage opposite Netley, the steam-ship there awaited the mails, which were brought to her by a tug at three in the afternoon. Then, all being ready, the bell was rung, and the cry was raised, "Anyone for shore?" when the friends of passengers bade them farewell, with shaking of hands, kissing, and a little shedding of tears; the tug withdrew, while handkerchiefs and hats were waved in final tokens of goodwill at parting; the bell on the steam-ship's bridge was heard to tinkle; the engines worked and turned the screw-propeller: the ship was off, not to stop again before reaching the isle of Barbadoes.

The chief officer's opinion, that there would be some nasty weather outside, very soon became known among the passengers, whose faces lost their cheerful expression, and many at once resorted to the seclusion of their cabins, instead of partaking of the good things at the saloon table. On the following morning, likewise, not a lady graced the breakfast-table with her presence; several yachtsmen of renown, accustomed to the summer navigation of the Solent, failed to appear on deck; but there was one passenger, who was evidently quite indifferent to the wriggling, writhing, rolling, tumbling motions of the ship. He was a sunburnt, weather-beaten Indian Colonel, who steadily puffed at his pipe, and, with a merry twinkle of the eye, would offer his tobacco-pouch to a victim of the prevailing agitation of the elements, and of the painful internal disturbance which it is apt to cause. The sufferers from the malady during the night could not but feel their distress aggravated by the incessant screaming of the babies, which in any case made it impossible to sleep. It is suggested that the steam-ship companies which are building new vessels should arrange to provide a special nursery, in such a position that the shrill voices of infant passengers might be out of hearing, but with ready access, of course, for devoted mothers who are capable of attending to their offspring while at sea. The comfort of the passengers on board the Moselle was liberally and carefully provided for; only the mattresses were felt to be harder than was quite agreeable; the food was both good and abundant; the captain and his officers, the purser, the chief steward, the genial and clever doctor, were most courteous and obliging; and the chief baker deserved the thanks of those who ate the delicious cakes that he provided at the four o'clock tea.

Fine days were enjoyed in crossing the Atlantic; but one fine day, on board ship, is so much like another fine day, that a simple record of the usual experiences, from hour to hour, will probably be sufficient.

At four o'clock in the morning, passengers are apt to be prematurely awakened from their slumbers by noises on deck overhead; the swish-swash of buckets of water poured out, and the rasping of squeezes, mops, and brushes, in the daily cleansing of the decks. It is not easy to sleep any more, till at six o'clock the nimble steward enters your cabin—or the stewardess, if you be a lady—deftly carrying a pyramid of cups, filled with good tea, coffee, and cocoa at your choice, with a plate of biscuits; the steward may perhaps even bring you an innocuous "cocktail," to fortify your inner man for early going on deck. Those who choose to rise early presently come up, in a picturesque variety of easy undress garments; the burnous, and motley pyjamas, are worn on the quarter-deck at this hour, beside various contrivances of female attire which cannot rashly be described. There is great and rare pleasure in gazing at the splendours of a tropical sunrise over the mighty expanse of ocean. Have we not read, at home, of those glorious sights in the delightful stories of Mr. William Clark Russell? The reality is often beyond description or fancy; but many gentlemen enjoy it the more by improving the morning air with the whiff of a Turkish cigarette, while ladies may be observed using toffee, or sugar-candy, as the feminine substitute for that mild refreshment.

Eight o'clock is the time for gentlemen passengers to get their morning bath on deck, where they stand in a row, in any kind of wrap, each patiently awaiting his turn, the duration of which, by rule, is limited to ten minutes, though some find it so agreeable, in the warm climate they have reached, that they are tempted to exceed that time.

After such a healthy beginning of the day, the sound of the breakfast-bell, at nine o'clock, is heartily welcomed; and the passengers, now properly dressed, take their seats at table with a keen appetite for the long series of dishes put before them. A few there are, it may be, who choose rather to have a devilled sardine, or some such trifle, with their tea or coffee, in the solitude of their cabins, and who will make their first public appearance at tiffin.

Breakfast is over, and the company assembles on deck. Three hours and a half of pleasant idleness—for no postman has brought letters to be answered, and nobody can go to his place of business—lie before these holiday-keepers, who mostly spend a good deal of the time in sociable gossip. The ladies make a pretence of reading, or of crochet, or some other fancy work; but flirtations naturally arise, which everybody sees from day to day; and the other men, quite as much as the women, in their discussions apart, criticise the peculiar behaviour of any couple who seem tenderly inclined to each other, not sparing even the polite and gallant officers of the ship. A few ladies take refuge in the music saloon, from which the tones of the pianoforte, and strains of plaintive song, arise to the upper air.

But the grand excitement, as noonday approaches, is that of the lottery and sweepstakes among speculators on the number of miles that the steam-ship has run during the past twenty-four hours. Her geographical position is ascertained at noon, if possible, by observation of the sun for latitude, with the sextant, combined with dead reckoning for longitude; and, the course being known since the previous day, the captain and officers calculate the distance run. It may be roughly guessed, beforehand, to be somewhere between 300 miles and 365 miles; so that a number of tickets are made ready—perhaps forty—marked with intermediate distances, or say, from 291 miles to 330 miles; and the holder of the ticket with the number that is nearest to the truth will be the winner of the prize. These tickets are purchased at two shillings each, making a pool of eighty shillings, half of which sum goes to the winner, half being returned to the pool. Passengers who think themselves knowing will often bargain with others who have got a likely number, in their opinion, to get it for themselves at an advanced price. When the sun is at its meridian, the observation is taken, the calculations are made, and the correct result is inscribed on a placard in the companion-ladder, to which there is an eager rush of the speculators, and the lucky person becomes the hero of the hour, if not for his nautical sagacity, for his good fortune of that day.

Tiffin, or luncheon, at one o'clock, is a cheerful, but an important, occupation for people with nothing to do; and the cold meats, salads, and other delicate fare prove appetising to strollers and loungers who have been inhaling the sea air. A certain languor follows in the afternoon, which is due to this as well as to the heat; and passengers of foreign nationality, Spanish, French, or German, retire for their siesta, quite as a matter of course. But four o'clock arrives; the "eight bells" are sounded, marking the half-hours since noon; and here is afternoon tea, of which the passengers, gathered around the capstan, partake in fashionable style, from beautiful china cups, with those delicious hot cakes already mentioned. The cakes found acceptance, to a remarkable amount, on this voyage, with a distinguished officer of the Life Guards, who had boasted of never being sick, but who had kept his cabin in nasty weather, often calling on the steward for "pints of fizz." There was also a distinguished member of the Legislature, who was partial to the cakes, but preferred the crust to the crumb. This repast is always enlivened with much general conversation, often with smart repartees and sparkling epigrams, while the captain tells anecdotes of his brave ship, which, by-the-by, in its last voyage, had passed safely through a hurricane of such force that, had she not been handled with masterly skill, nothing could have saved her; as it was, she lost all her boats, and the engine-rooms were flooded. Tea over, the party soon breaks up, some of the ladies going forward, intent on feeding the fowls, ducks, and live stock generally, with the remains of the cakes. The men devote themselves to hard exercise on the quarter-deck, to which the zest of difficulty is imparted by the situation. Amusement is found, also, in the frolics of the ship's pet goat; and the fascinating, but hazardous, game of "Bull" is played by the younger men.

To dinner, the principal meal of the day, with some small addition to our toilets, we sit down at six o'clock. Should the soup be overturned into one's lap, one must try to smile as others do; but when, on Christmas Day, the steward, in handing a jelly to a lady, lets it fall on the shoulders of her evening dress, so that half disappears in front, and half down the back, there is a good deal of smiling. And when, with stolid calmness, he expresses his profuse apologies, and with a spoon begins to scoop out the now melting jelly, it must be confessed that all break out in a broad laugh. No one takes offence, for we are at sea, and accidents will happen, and must be forgiven. After dinner comes the cigar or pipe, while the ladies recline in lounge-chairs, and once more indulge in the last bit of fancy or news, or patronise the music-room. At eight o'clock they have more tea, and may have jam and cakes; but soon the men begin to feel once more thirsty; and, in fact, from this hour till they retire to their cabin, the bar steward has a lively time of it, whisky-and-soda taking the place of the early cocktail. At eleven o'clock, all the lights are put out; and nothing should be heard but the thump-thump of the engines, the half-hour bell, and the look-out man's cry, "All 's well!" until the morning of the next day.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1889.

At the request of the Earl of Lytton, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, Sir James Fergusson has addressed a circular letter to the Society of Arts, the Institution of Civil Engineers, some other of the London societies, and also to the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country, drawing the attention of those bodies to the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and informing them that, although her Majesty's Government had felt themselves unable to take part officially in the Exhibition, the Commissioners of Customs will afford facilities to exhibitors, and that the Board of Trade will ascertain whether railway companies will take any action in their favour. Sir James Fergusson also incloses a memorandum which the Director-General of the Paris Exhibition, M. Berger, had addressed to Lord Lytton, and undertakes to forward to his Excellency in Paris any replies which may be received from the bodies to whom the letter is addressed. This memorandum suggests that the Society of Arts, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of Telegraph Engineers, and the Chambers of Commerce should be invited to form an English Commission to take charge of the organisation of the English Section, for which a space has been reserved of about 5500 square mètres (about 6000 square yards). The memorandum adds that executive commissions have been organised, in one form or another, in all the countries except England and Germany. The only important countries which have accepted officially are the United States of America and Switzerland, independent commissions having been established in the others.

Inspector-General James N. Dick has been made Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy.

Across Two Oceans:

THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



The Captain and his "Tub."



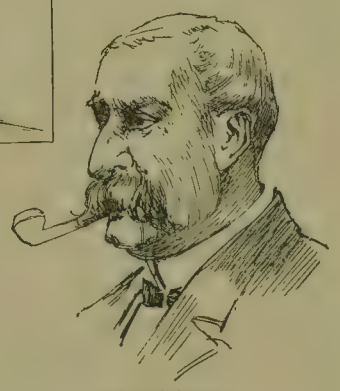
"Those wretched Stokers!" A Black in the Eye.





Never Ill.





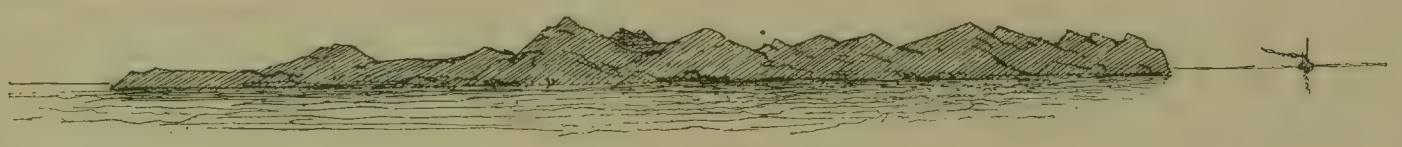
The Colonel.



Our Foreign Contingent.



The Tug Alexandra leaving the Ship at Netley: "Good-Bye!"



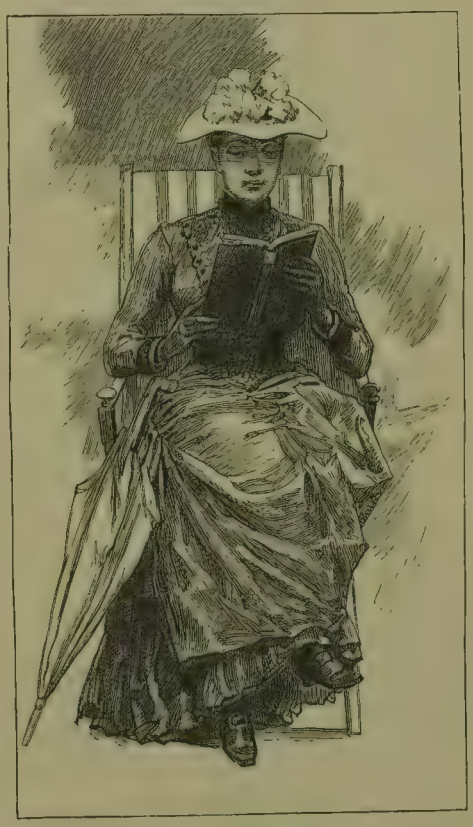
St. Mary's Island, in the Azores.



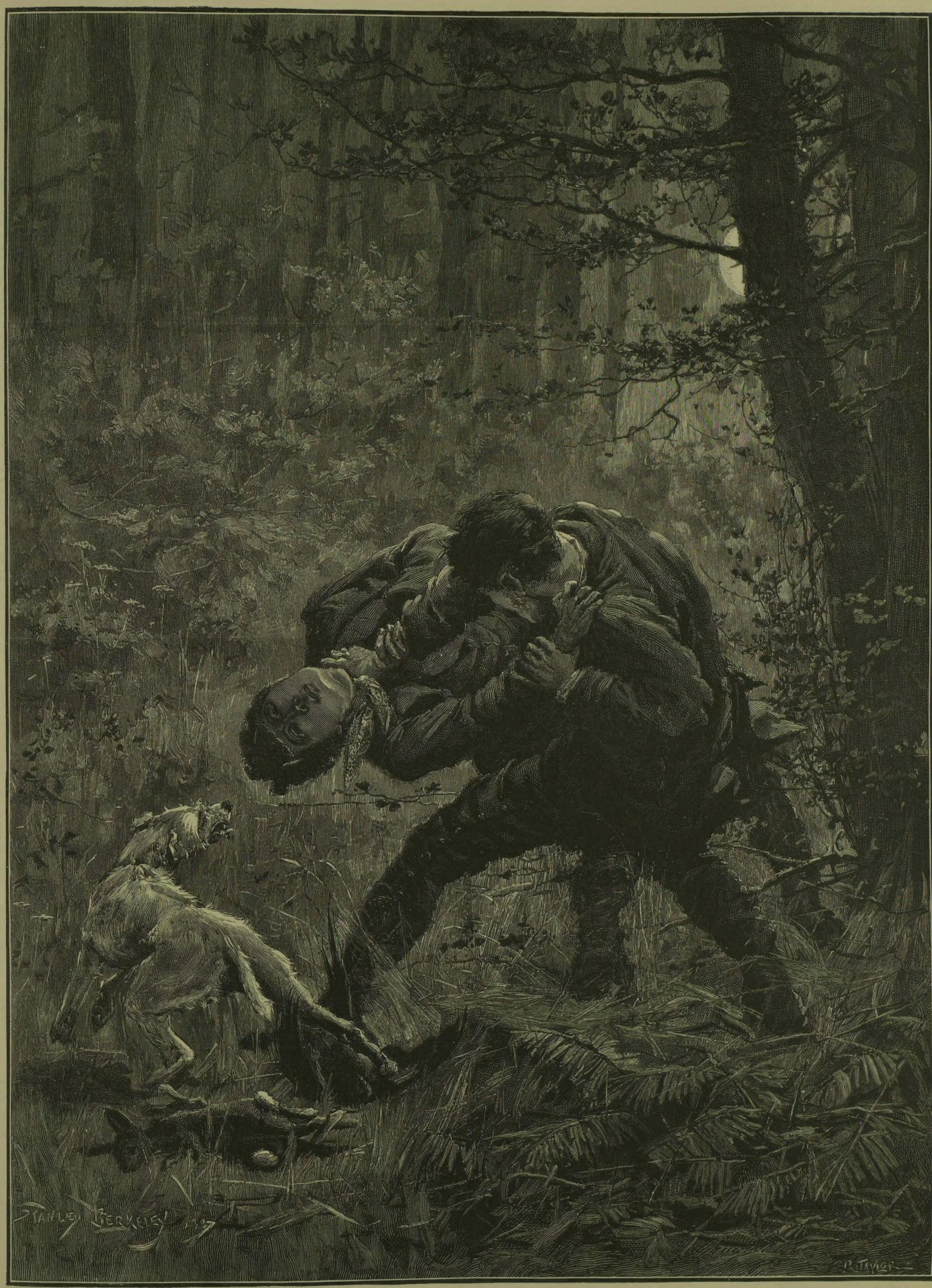
Our Mother of Music.



Selling the Pool Tickets on board the Steam-ship Moselle.



So Interesting!



CAUGHT AT LAST!

DRAWN BY STANLEY BERKELEY.

FROM THE BEACON.

It is from the Beacon that we always see the first signs of spring, and learn that winter is reluctantly withdrawing his iron grasp from the earth and giving place to a more hopeful period of the year than the one through which we have been unwillingly passing, for from this vantage ground we can see the "withys" in the hollow developing the strange subtle hue of brown which tells us that the sap is rising in the slender stems; and from here we can note the brighter green of the heath, where life has begun to stir once more; and listen to the birds, as they dart hither and thither, either talking amicably about their future homes, or quarrelling savagely over some eligible straw or morsel of lichen of which one or the other has possessed himself with an eye to the making of a nest.

But long before we reach the Beacon we know and feel that spring is on the way. Here, where the white road was but just now as hard as iron, with an icy band on each side of the way, the thick, slimy clay clings to our boots, and the water gurgles gleefully on its journey to the river. On the bank the fern-moss grows greenly, each tiny frond jewelled with its own particular drop of dew, and under yonder sheltering hedge we know we shall find the first violet just a wee bit later; for here, year by year, we are never disappointed of the curious red-blue scented flower which, as far as we know, is to be found in no other portion of this special county; while farther on we are rewarded already by a handful of white snowdrops, which grow wildly and luxuriantly in the tiny churchyard, where so many of those we loved lie, waiting the dawning of another spring than ours.

Perhaps it is as well that the road to the Beacon is a stiff climb in more senses of the word than one. The thick grey clay clings about our feet, and we have to stop now and then not only for breath, but to regain our footing unhampered by the heavy mass of mud that encumbers us; for these frequent short pauses allow us to realise how beautiful the world is when the waters begin to flow once more, and the heavy silence that has lain over the earth like a pall is broken by the whisper of the south-west wind, the gurgle and flow of the myriad golden-brown streams which intersect the heath, and the voices of the birds, that are busy in the fields and about the hedges, as they are busy only at this particular time of the year.

The south-west wind has an especial spell all its own; under its beneficent sway the very colour of the world is changed. The grim black atmosphere of the north, the dull grey of the east, and the dense blue of the south winds are perceptible to those who know, even before the weather-cock is consulted; but the south-west wind is capricious: sometimes the blue predominates, and we think it is all the south; but then the drifting fleecy white clouds creep up over the Beacon, a scud of warm rain dashes by, and we recognise that there is a touch of west in it, and that at last we have a real spring wind. Then the world awakes, and the whole air is full of the scents and sounds which only spring knows, and which only spring can bring us, after all. At the last halt, before we have reached the summit of the hill, we can hear the faint call of the lambs in the hollow between us and the second range of hills, which at present are not visible; and we catch the cry of the peewit—a cry of all cries to us the most melodious; while, farther away still, we hear the creak-creak of the plough and the harsh croak of the rooks and jackdaws as they follow the newly-turned furrows and demolish the disturbed worms with a wonderful regularity. A more harmonious but still a harsh cry tells us that the seagulls have also come for a share of the spoil, and, by the time we reach the mound—below which, so tradition tells us, a King lies buried deeply, with his men-at-arms north, south, east, and west of his own particular urn—we can see down into the second valley and note the grey and black coated birds as they rise and fall, or slowly follow the plough, intent on getting as much food as they can after their long abstinence.

From the Beacon spring seems even closer to us than it did on our climb hither, the brown shade which is first seen on the withys has spread to the chestnuts in the hollow, and the grass which here replaces the heather is quite a vivid emerald, and appears to grow even while we are looking at it. And, actually, a lark is singing, not with the full rapture of the summer song, but lightly and brightly—more, perhaps, a song of hope than of the fulfilment and bliss, which characterise the melody when the small wife lies hidden in her nest with her babies, among the long grass, and her spouse launches himself wildly into the blue air, singing of all he loves, and all that will be when the children are fledged and flown.

It is curious to seat ourselves by the King's tomb, and think of him who may lie there, the while we listen to the songs of hope and promise which herald the coming of another spring. We know all too well the regular procession of seasons we have watched so many, many years from the same spot—the good springs, the lovely summers, fruitful autumns, and cruel winters; or the poor, starved springs, the washed-out weeping summers, the fruitless autumns, and a winter that belies his character, and gives us the weather that we were denied by the other seasons, laughing as he does so, for does not a green Yule make a fat churchyard?—and we do not expect much, either good or bad, we simply sit and enjoy the spring—as we cannot help enjoying it—though we know it leads to nothing but another winter. And so, no doubt, did he look out from the Beacon on the land below, and, after he had conquered it, come and sit here, and wonder how time could be made to go, now he was King and had no more work to do in his small corner of this world. But then change came, and he fell in battle, so says the legend; and those who fell with him were buried round him, so that he might not be lonely in his voyage to the unknown world. Down there the tiny spire gleams whitely, and round the church are clustered many and many a grave; if we were there we should not be half so lonely as on the Beacon. But spring will not allow us to think of that, for this is especially a time with which our dead have nothing to do: for the stir and breath which reaches the wild-flowers down below the mould cannot touch them—does not bring them back to us, to walk with us in the cowslip-meadows, or where the golden daffodil tosses her head, coquetting and playing with every breeze that passes her way and deigns to touch her yellow hair. But we cannot believe that it will not bring us back, when our day is over. Year by year we climb the Beacon, on such a sweet-scented day as this, on which we have climbed again; year by year we are enchanted with the subtle sound of many waters, which appears to make the whole atmosphere liquid and murmurous; year by year we recollect suddenly the acrid scent of the peat-smoke that is stronger than ever when spring begins her yearly work, and we hear the lambs call, and the birds cry, we see the clouds drift over the square grey tower of the ruined castle, where once Royalty feasted, and life and love walked hand-in-hand, and then have to realise that for them, as for the King, spring can do nothing, as it will some day do nothing for us. We shall be blind and deaf, in our turn, to all Nature has to say—to all she has to show us!

Ah! who knows but that, somewhere among the shadows, we shall still remember how spring looks from the Beacon—still be able to gaze on the picture we are—we must be—assimilating, which becomes more and more fully ours every time we climb the steep, and look out with appreciative eyes on the birth and first early days of each lovely season of the lovely year!

J. E. P.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

The perpetual feud between gamekeepers and poachers, in strict preserves where the legal rights of the landlord are jealously guarded and enforced by severe prosecutions, is apt to engender feelings of personal enmity which may be compared to the hostile relations between Irish peasantry, under the Land League influence, and the bailiffs of some harshly managed estates. The guardians of private property may be only doing their duty, but they are scarcely regarded with the respect that would be shown to officers of the law in England; and conflicts, too often attended with serious injuries, have been of more frequent occurrence on this score, we believe, in our own country than in France or elsewhere on the Continent, where the "garde champêtre," a public force, undertakes to prevent trespass and the theft of game. Our Artist's drawing, however, represents a simple scuffle at the arrest of a poacher who has been caught in the act of snaring hares which certainly did not belong to him, but which the owner or the tenant of the land may kill, or any of their family or servants authorised so to do, and the tenant even without taking out a license, apart from the tax on carrying a gun. The penalty for simple trespass in search of game is a fine of £2, and £5 for snaring a hare or rabbit, or setting a snare; but the perpetration of such an offence at night is summarily visited with imprisonment and hard labour, not exceeding three months; or it may be an indictable misdemeanour, when three or more persons are engaged in it, especially if they be armed with guns or bludgeons, or if they assault the keepers. The rustic freebooter who is "caught at last," having probably given much trouble and annoyance in past months and years, while he contrived to elude the vigilance of the Squire's men in his audacious depredations, will probably appear at the next Petty Sessions to receive the full sentence of the law made and provided for such a culprit. If he cannot pay the fine, he may pass the next month in prison. After coming out, if he still wants to kill hares or rabbits, let him go to Australia or New Zealand, where he will be handsomely rewarded for destroying those pests of agricultural industry.

COOPER COOPER & CO.'S TEAS.

COOPER COOPER and CO.'S TEAS.

COOPER COOPER and CO.'S TEAS as below:—

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Possessing strength and character.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Such value as is not offered by any other House in the Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Analysed and tasted by COOPER COOPER and CO.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—10lb. parcels, carriage free, in ½lb. and ¼lb. packets, or any other size for distribution.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. claim to be the largest and most extensive distributors of Tea in this Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell not only the finest Tea the world produces at 3s. a pound; but the best Tea the world can furnish at 1s. 4d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy their Tea for ready money, and sell for ready money.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy none of the old, spent, attenuated leaves, but only such as are stout and robust.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell strong and goodly Teas at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send these Teas to Clubs, Hotels, and Public Institutions.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell a Tea mighty in power at 2s. a pound.

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell Ceylon Teas, Indian Teas, and China Teas in their integrity.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell Indian Garden Teas in original chests to those who desire special Garden Teas at a bare commission on Garden prices.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA EVER SOLD at the money. Half-chests, holding 50 separate pounds or 100 half-pounds, for £3 6s. 8d., carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain, and there is no such value offered in this Kingdom at the money.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA EVER OFFERED at the price. COOPER COOPER and CO. send chests of Tea, holding 100 separate pounds of 1s. 4d. Tea, for £6 13s. 4d., and such value for the money was never offered before.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA. COOPER COOPER and CO. pack their Teas in all quantities, suitable for dividing out among friends—in catty-boxes, chests, and half-chests.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA, possessing GREAT STRENGTH and ELEGANCE, at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound, and Teas of such intrinsic excellence have never been offered before to this generation at the money.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEAS EVER OFFERED to the public at 2s. a pound, a ten mighty in strength, intermingling each with other the stoutest Indian Tea, the soft and sappy Ceylon, and the delicate China Tea. All spring picking, and such quality was never before sold at the price. COOPER COOPER and CO. send this Tea to many of the best families in the Kingdom.

CHEAPEST and BEST TEA of the highest character, the production of Indian and Ceylon gardens of great repute, and the choicest early contract Tea from China at 2s. 6d. and 3s. a pound.

MANY of THESE TEAS SELLING in the public auction in Mincing-lane at 2s. 10d. and 2s. 11d. a pound (including H.M. Customs duty of 6d. a pound, which is paid on all Teas).

COOPER COOPER and CO.

COOPER COOPER and CO. SELL these Teas at a fractional cost on the price actually paid to the importing houses.

IN GOLD MINES we hear that certain ores give so many ounces of pure gold to the ton—some two or three ounces; some—especially rich—eight to ten ounces to the ton; but no one would contend that the richer ores are dearer because they would fetch twice the price per ton, for it is the gold that is the value; the refuse is valueless. So with Tea. One pound of the fine Tea sold by COOPER COOPER and CO. will yield more real Tea than twice the quantity of inferior Tea, and not only twice the quantity, but twice the quality—refined gold—not mixed metal.

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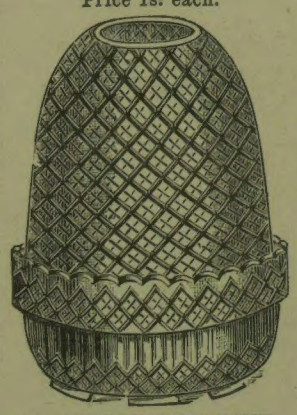
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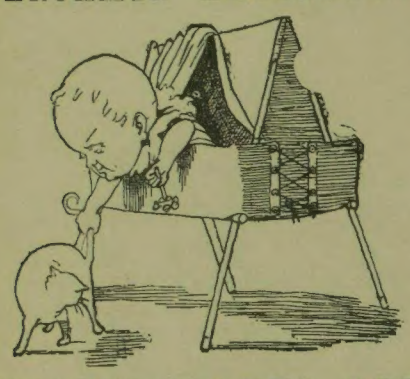
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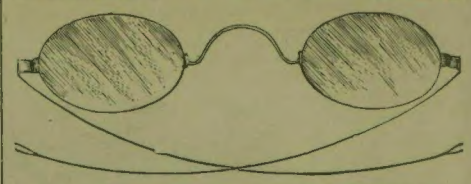
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